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THE
Comical Lovers.
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Acted by Subscription

AT THE

QUEEN's THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the *Cross-Keys*, between the two Temple-Gates, in *Fleet-street*.

The Double Gallant: Or, the Sick Lady's Cure. A Comedy. Written by Mr. *Cibber*.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Palamede.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Rhodophil.	Mr. *Booth.*
Celadon.	Mr. *Cibber.*

WOMEN.

Melantha.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Doralice.	Mrs. *Porter.*
Florimel.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*

THE Comical Lovers.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is Walks near the Court.*

Enter Celadon, Doralice, *meeting each other: He in riding Habit. They embrace.*

Cel. DEAR *Doralice!*

Dor. My dear Brother! Welcome! a thouſand Welcomes. Methinks this Year you have been abſent, has been ſo tedious! I hope as you have made a pleaſant Voyage, ſo you have brought your good Humour back again to Court.

Cel. I never yet knew any Company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Woman's.

Dor. Or at a Funeral.

Cel. Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditor's of mine, whoſe Book periſh'd with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? How do *Meliſſa*'s two fair Daughters?

Dor. When you tell me which of them you are in Love with, I'll anſwer you.

Cel. Which of them, naughty Siſter! What a Queſtion's there? With both of 'em, with each and ſingular of 'em.

Dor. Bleſs me! you are not ſerious!

Cel. You look as if it were a Wonder, to ſee a Man in Love: Are they not Handſome?

Dor. I, but both together———

Cel. I, and both aſunder too: Why, I hope, there are but Two of 'em; the tall Singing and Dancing one, and the little Innocent one?

Dor. But you can't marry both?

Cel. No, nor either of 'em, I truſt in my Conſtitution: But I can keep them Company, I can Sing and Dance with 'em, and Treat 'em; and that, I take it, is ſomewhat better than muſty marrying them: Marriage is poor Folks Pleaſure, that cannot go to the Coſt of Variety: But I am out of Danger of that with theſe two, for I love 'em ſo equally, I can never make Choice between 'em: Had I but one Miſtreſs, I might go to her to be Merry, and ſhe perhaps be out of Humour, there were a Viſit loſt: But here, if one of 'em Frowns upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpoſe to recommend her own Gayety; beſides a thouſand things I cou'd name.

Dor. And none of 'em to any purpoſe.

Cel. Well, if you will not be cruel to a poor Lover, you might oblige me, by carrying me to their Lodgings.

Dor. You know I am always buſie about the Queen.

Cel. But once or twice only, till I am a little fluſh'd in my Acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to Prey for my ſelf. I promiſe you I'll make all the haſte I can to end your Trouble, by being in Love ſome-where elſe.

Dor. You would think it hard to be deny'd now.

Cel. And Reaſon good. Many a Man hangs himſelf for the loſs of One Miſtreſs; how do you think then I ſhould bear the loſs of Two, eſpecially in a Court where I think Beauty is but thin ſown?

Dor. There's one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward, a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vaſt Fortune.

Cel. I am for her before the World; bring me to her, and I'll releaſe you of your Promiſe for the other Two.

Dor.

Dor. Well, if I do promiſe, will you ſwear not to attempt any other Woman in the mean time?

Cel. Swear! By all the———

Dor. Hold! before you ſwear——What do you think of thoſe two maſk'd Ladies, that are coming yonder?

Cel. Why, I ſay, that a raſh Oath is better let alone than repented——Dear Siſter, don't diſturb my Contemplations. [*Putting her by.*

Dor. Oh! your Servant, Sir, [*Exit* Doralice.

Enter Phormio *walking over the Stage haſtily: After him* Florimel *and* Flavia, *maſk'd.*

Fla. Phormio, Phormio, you will not leave us———

Phor. In Faith, I have a little Buſineſs—— [*Exit.* Phor.

Cel. Cannot I ſerve you in the Gentleman's room, Ladies?

Fla. Which of us would you ſerve?

Cel. Either of you, or both of you.

Fla. Why cou'd you not be conſtant to One?

Cel. Conſtant to One! I have been a Courtier, a Soldier, and a Traveller to good purpoſe, if I muſt be conſtant to One. Give me ſome twenty, ſome forty, ſome a hundred Miſtreſſes: I have more Love than any one Woman can turn her to.

Flor. Bleſs us! let us be gone, Couſin; we two are nothing in his Hands.

Cel. Yet, for my part, I can live with as few Miſtreſſes as any Man: I deſire no Superfluities, only for neceſſary Change, or ſo, as I ſhift my Linen.

Flor. A pretty odd kind of Fellow this; he fits my Humour rarely——— [*Aſide.*

Fla. You are as unconſtant as the Moon.

Flor. You wrong him, he's as Conſtant as the Sun, he would ſee all the World round in twenty four Hours.

Cel. 'Tis very true, Madam, but, like him, I would viſit and away.

Flor. For what an unreaſonable thing it were to ſtay long, be troubleſome, and hinder a Lady of a freſh Lover?

Cel. A rare Creature this! ——— Beſides, Madam, how like a Fool a Man looks, when after all his Eagerneſs of two Minutes before, he ſhrinks into a faint Fit, and a cold Compliment——— Ladies both, into your Hands I commit my ſelf; ſhare me betwixt you.———

Fla. I'll have nothing to do with you, ſince you cannot be conſtant to One.

Cel. Nay, rather than loſe any of you, I'll do more; I'll be conſtant to a hundred of you: Or (if you will needs fetter me to one) agree the matter between your ſelves, and the moſt handſome take me.

Fla. Tho' I am not ſhe, yet ſince my Mask's on, and you cannot convince me, have a good Faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my Servant.

Cel. And for once I'll make a blind Bargain with you: Strike Hands; it's a Match Miſtreſs.

Flor. Done, Servant.

Cel. Now I'm ſure I have the worſt on't; for you ſee the worſt of me, and that I don't of you, till you ſhew your Face——— Yet, now I think on't, you muſt be handſome———

Flor. What kind of Beauty do you like?

Cel. Juſt ſuch a one as yours.

Flor. What's that?

Cel. Such an oval Face, clear Skin, hazle Eyes, thick Brow, Eye-brows and Hair as you have for all the World.

Fla. But I can aſſure you, ſhe has nothing of all this.

Cel. Hold thy Peace, *Envy*——. Nay I can be conſtant a'n I ſet on't.

Flor. 'Tis very well, *Celadon*, you can be conſtant to one you have never ſeen, and have forſaken all you have ſeen.

Cel. It ſeems you know me then: Well, if thou ſhould'ſt prove one of my caſt Miſtreſſes, I would uſe thee moſt damnably, for offering to make me love thee twice.

Flor. You are i'th' right: An old Miſtreſs, or Servant, is like an old Tune, the Pleaſure on't is paſt, when we have once learn'd it.

Fla. But what Woman in the World would you wiſh her like?

Cel. I have heard of one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward, would ſhe were as like her for Beauty, as ſhe is for Humour.

Fla. Do you hear that, Couſen?——— [*to* Flor. *aſide.*

Flor. Florimel's not handſome: Beſides, ſhe's unconſtant, and only loves for ſome few Days.

Cel. If ſhe loves for ſhorter time than I, ſhe muſt love by Winter-Days and Summer-Nights, i'faith.

Flor. When you ſee us together you ſhall judge: In the mean time adieu, ſweet Servant.

Cel. Why you won't be ſo inhumane, to carry away my Heart, and not ſo much as tell me where I may hear News on't?

Flor. I mean to keep it ſafe for you; for if you had it, you would beſtow it worſe: Farewel, I muſt ſee a Lady.

Cel. So muſt I too, if I can pull off your Maſk.

Flor. You will not be ſo rude, I hope?

Cel. By this Light I will.

Flor. By this Leg but you ſha'not. [*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Fla. *running.*

Cel. Than by this Hand, next time I ſhall take better hold, Mrs. *Nimblefoot.* [*Exit.*

Enter Doralice *and* Beliza.

Dor. Beliza, bring the Lute into this Arbour; the Walks are empty: I would hear the Song the Princeſs *Almathea* bad me learn. [*They go in and ſing.*

Enter Palamede, *in Riding-Habit, and hears the Song.*

Re-enter Doralice *and* Beliza.

Bel. Madam, a Stranger.

Dor.

Dor. I did not think to have had Witneſſes of my bad ſinging.

Pal. If I have err'd, Madam, I hope you'll pardon the Curioſity of a Stranger; for I may well call my ſelf ſo, after five Years abſence from the Court. But you have freed me from one Error.

Dor. What's that, I beſeech you?

Pal. I thought good Voices and ill Faces had been inſeparable; and that to be fair, and ſing well, had been only the privilege of Angels.

Dor. And how many more of theſe fine things can you ſay to me?

Pal. Very few, Madam, for if I ſhould continue to ſee you ſome Hours longer, you look ſo killingly, that I ſhould be mute with wonder.

Dor. This will not give you the Reputation of a Wit with me: You travelling *Monſieurs* live upon a Stock you have got abroad for the firſt Day or two: To repeat with a good Memory, and apply with a good Grace, is all your Wit: And commonly your Gullets are ſow'd up like Cormorants; when you have regorg'd what you have taken in, you are the leaneſt Things in Nature.

Pal. Then, Madam, I think you had beſt make that uſe of me; let me wait on you for two or three Days together, and you ſhall hear all I have learnt of Extraordinary in other Countries; and one thing which I never ſaw till I came home, that is, a Lady of a better Voice, better Face, and better Wit than any I have ſeen abroad. And after this, if I ſhould not declare my ſelf moſt paſſionately in Love with you, I ſhould have leſs Wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain and pithy Declaration. I ſee, Sir, you have been travelling in *Spain* or *Italy*, or ſome of the Hot Countries, where Men come to the Point immediately. But are you ſure theſe are not Words of courſe? For I would not give my poor Heart an occaſion of complaint againſt me, that I engag'd it too raſhly, and then could not bring it off.

Pal.

Pal. Your Heart may truſt it ſelf with me ſafely: I ſhall uſe it very civilly while it ſtays, and never turn it away, without fair Warning to provide for it ſelf.

Dor. Firſt then, I do receive your Paſſion with as little Conſideration on my Part, as ever you gave it me on yours: And now ſee what a miſerable Wretch you have made your ſelf.

Pal. Who, I miſerable? Thank you for that. Give me Love enough, and Life enough, and I defie Fortune.

Dor. Know then, thou Man of vain Imagination, know to thy utter Confuſion, that I am Vertuous.

Pal. Such another Word and I give up the Ghoſt.

Dor. Then to ſtrike you quite Dead, know that I am Marry'd too.

Pal. Art thou Marry'd? O thou Horrible Vertuous Woman!

Dor. Yes, Marry'd to a Gentleman; young, handſome, rich, valiant, and with all the good Qualities that will make you deſpair and hang your ſelf.

Pal. Well, in ſpite of all that I'll love you: Fortune has cut us out for one another; for I am to be Marry'd within theſe three Days; Marry'd paſt Redemption, to a young, fair, rich, and vertuous Lady; and it ſhall go hard but I will love my Wife as little as I perceive you do your Husband.

Dor. Remember I invade no Property: My Servant you are only till you are Marry'd.

Pal. In the mean time you are to forget you have a Husband.

Dor. And you, that you are to have a Wife.

Bel. (*aſide to her Lady.*) O Madam, my Lord's juſt at the end of the Walks, and if you make not haſte will diſcover you.

Dor. Some other time, new Servant, we'll talk farther of the Premiſſes; in the mean while, break not my firſt Commandment, that is, not to follow me.

Pal. But where then ſhall I find you again?

Dor.

Dor. At Court. Yours for two Days, Sir.

Pal. And Nights, I beſeech you Madam. [*Ex.* Dor. *and* Bel.

Pal. Well, I'll ſay that for thee, thou art a very dextrous Executioner; thou haſt done my buſineſs at one Stroke: Yet I muſt marry another——— And yet I muſt love this; and if it lead me into ſome little Inconveniences, as Jealouſies, and Duels, and Death, and ſo forth; yet while ſweet Love is in the Caſe, Fortune do thy worſt and avant Mortality.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. How *Palamede!* [*Sees* Palamede.

Pal. Rhodophil!

Rho. Who thought to have ſeen you in *Sicily?* What brought you home from Travel?

Pal. The Commands of an old rich Father.

Rho. And the Hopes of burying him.

Pal. Both together, as you ſee, have prevailed on my good Nature. In few Words, my old Man has already married me, for he has agreed with another old Man, as rich and as covetous as himſelf; the Articles are drawn, and I have given my Conſent, for fear of being Diſinherited; and yet know not what kind of Woman I am to marry.

Rho. Sure your Father intends you ſome very ugly Wife, and has a mind to keep you in Ignorance, till you have ſhot the Gulf.

Pal. I know not that; but obey I will, and muſt.

Rho. Then I cannot chuſe but grieve for all the good Girls, and Curtezans of *France* and *Italy*; they have loſt the moſt kind-hearted, doting, prodigal humble Servant in *Europe*.

Pal. All I could do in theſe three Years I ſtaid behind you, was to comfort the poor Creatures for the Loſs of you. But what's the reaſon that in all this time a Friend could never hear from you?

Rho. Alas, dear *Palamede*, I have had no Joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the World to pleaſe me: The greateſt Misfortune imaginable is fallen upon me!

Pal. Prithee, what's the matter?

Rho. In one word, I am Marry'd; wretchedly Marry'd; and have been above theſe two Years. Yes, faith, the Devil has had power over me, in ſpight of my Vows and Reſolutions to the contrary.

Pal. I find you have ſold your ſelf for filthy Lucre; ſhe's Old, or Ill-condition'd.

Rho. No, none of theſe: I am ſure ſhe's Young; and for her Humour, ſhe Laughs, Sings and Dances eternally; and, which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the ſame.

Pal. You're very Unfortunate indeed: Then the caſe is plain, ſhe is not handſome.

Rho. A great Beauty too, as People ſay.

Pal. As People ſay. Why, you ſhould know that by your ſelf.

Rho. Aſk thoſe that have ſmelt to a ſtrong Perfume two Years together what's the Scent.

Pal. But here are good Qualities enough for one Woman.

Rho. Ay, too many, *Palamede*; If I could put 'em into three or four Women, I ſhould be content.

Pal. O, now I have found it, you diſlike her for no other reaſon, but becauſe ſhe's your Wife.

Rho. And is not that enough? All that I know of her Perfections now, is only by Memory: I remember indeed that about two Years ago, I lov'd her paſſionately; but thoſe Golden Days are gone, *Palamede:* Yet I lov'd her a whole half Year, double the natural term of any Miſtreſs, and I think in my Conſcience I could have held out another Quarter; but then the World began to Laugh at me, and a certain Shame of being out of Faſhion ſeiz'd me: At laſt, we arriv'd at that Point, that there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another. Yet ſtill I ſet a good Face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before Company; but when we are alone, we walk like two Lions in a Room, ſhe one way and I another: And we lie with our Backs to each other, ſo far diſtant, as if the Faſhion of

great Beds was only invented to keep Husband and Wife sufficiently assunder.

Pal. The truth is, your Disease is very desperate; but though you cannot be Cur'd, you may be Patch'd up a little; you must get you a Mistriss, *Rhodophil*: That indeed is living upon Cordials; but, as fast as one fails, you must supply it with another.

Rho. Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have just resolv'd to take your Counsel; and, faith considering the Disadvantages of a marry'd Man, I have provided well enough for a humble Sinner, that is not ambitious of great Matters.

Pol. What is she for a Woman?

Rho. One of the Stars of *Syracuse*, I assure you: Young enough, Fair enough, and, but for one Quality, just such a Woman as I could wish-for; being a Town Lady, without any relation to the Court: Yet she thinks her self undone, if she be not seen three or four times a day with the Princess: And for the King, she haunts and watches him so narrowly in a Morning, that she prevents even the Chymists, who beset his Chamber, to turn their Mercury into his Gold.

Pal. Yet hitherto methinks, you are no very unhappy Man?

Rho. With all this, she's the greatest Gossip in Nature; for, besides the Court, she's the most eternal Visiter of the Town; and yet manages her time so well, that she seems Ubiquitary. For my part, I can compare her to nothing but the Sun; for, like him, she takes no rest, nor ever sets in one place, but to rise in another.

Pal. I confess she had need be handsome with these Qualities.

Rho. No Lady can be so curious of a new Fashion, as she is of a new French Word. She is the very Mint of the Nation; and as fast as any Bullion comes out of *France*, Coins it immediately into our Language.

Pal. And her Names is———

Rho. No Naming; that's not like a Cavalier: Find her if you

you can by my Deſcription; and I am not ſo ill a Painter, that I need write the Name beneath the Picture.

Pal. Well then, how far have you proceeded in your Love?

Rho. 'Tis yet in the Bud, and what Fruit it may bear, I cannot tell; for this inſufferable Humour of haunting the Court, is ſo predominant, that ſhe has hitherto broken all her Aſſignations with me, for fear of miſſing her Viſit there.

Pal. That's the hardeſt part of your Adventure; but, for ought I ſee, Fortune has us'd us both alike; I have a ſtrange kind of Miſtriſs too in Court, beſides her I am to marry.

Rho. You have made haſte to be in Love then; for, if I am not miſtaken, you are but this Day arriv'd.

Pal. That's all one, I have ſeen the Lady already, who has charm'd me; ſeen her in theſe Walks, Courted her, and received for the firſt time an Anſwer that does not put me into Deſpair.

Rho. Have you ſeen your Honourable Miſtreſs yet?

Pal. No, but I was juſt going as I met you.

Rho. Then don't let me hinder you: For to tell you the truth, I have a ſmall Affair upon my hands.

Pal. Why then dear *Rhodophil* ———

Rho. No Ceremony: We ſhall meet, and compare Notes.

Pal. Poſitively.

Rho. Adieu ——— *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Melantha *looking in a Pocket-Glaſs, and* Philotis.

Phil. Count *Rhodophil*'s a fine Gentleman indeed, Madam; and I think deſerves your Affection.

Mel. Let me die but he is a fine Perſon; he Sings and Dances *en François*, and writes the *Billets Doux* to a Miracle.

Phil. And thoſe are no ſmall Talents to a Lady that underſtands, and values the French Air, as your Ladiſhip does.

Mel. How charming is the French Air! And what an *Etourdy Bete* is one of our untravell'd Iſlanders! When he would make his Court to me, let me die, but he is juſt *Æſop*'s Aſs, that would imitate the Courtly French in his

Addreſſes; but inſtead of thoſe, comes pawing upon me, and doing all things ſo *mal a droitly.*

Phil. 'Tis great pity *Rhodophil*'s a marry'd Man, that you may not have an Honourable Intrigue with him.

Mel. Intrigue *Philotis!* That's an old Phraſe; I have laid that Word by: Amour, Affair, ſounds better. But thou art Heir to all my Caſt Words, as thou art to my old Wardrobe. Oh Count *Rhodophil! Ah mon chez!* I could Live and Die with him.

Enter Palamede, *and a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, this is my Lady.

Pal. Then this is She that is to be Divine, and Nymph, and Goddeſs, and with whom I am to be deſperately in Love.

[*Bows to her, delivering a Letter.*

This Letter, Madam, which I preſent you from your Father, has given me both the happy Opportunity, and the Boldneſs to kiſs the faireſt Hands in *Sicily.*

Mal. Came you lately from *Palermo*, Sir?

Pal. But yeſterday, Madam.

Mel. [*Reading the Letter*] *Daughter, receive the Bearer of this Letter, as a Gentleman whom I have choſen to make you happy*; (Oh *Venus*, a new Servant ſent me! and let me die, but he has the Air of a *Gallant Homme.*) *His Father is the rich Lord* Cleodemus *our Neighbour. I ſuppoſe you will find nothing diſagreeable in his Perſon, or his Converſe; both which he has improv'd by Travel. The Treaty is already concluded, and I ſhall be in Town within theſe three Days; ſo that you have nothing to do, but to obey your careful Father.*

[*To Pala.*] Sir, my Father, for whom I have a blind Obedience, has commanded me to receive your paſſionate Addreſſes; but you muſt alſo give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em from ſo accompliſh'd a Cavalier.

Pal. I want many things, Madam, to render me accompliſh'd; and the firſt and greateſt of them is your Favour.

Mel. Let me die, *Philotis*, but this is extremely French; but yet Count *Rhodophil*,— A Gentleman, Sir, that underſtands the *Grand Mond* ſo well, who has haunted the beſt Conver-

Converſations, and who (in ſhort) has Voyag'd, may pretend to the good Graces of any Lady.

Pal. [*Aſide*] Hey day! *Grand Mond!* Converſation! Voyag'd! and good Graces, I find my Miſtreſs is one of thoſe that run Mad in new French Words.

Mel. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have made the Tour of *France*; and having ſeen all that's fine there, will make a conſiderable Reformation in the Rudeneſs of our Court: For let me die, but an unfaſhion'd, untravell'd, mere *Sicilian*, is a *Bete*; and has nothing in the World of an *honete homme*.

Pal. I muſt confeſs, Madam, that———

Mel. And what new Minuets have you brought over with you? Their Minuets are to a Miracle! and our *Sicilian* Jigs are ſo dull and ſad to 'em.

Pal. For Minuets, Madam———

Mel. And what new Plays are there in Vogue? And who danc'd beſt in the *Grand Ballet?* Come, Sweet Servant; you ſhall tell me all.

Pal. [*Aſide*] Tell her all? Why ſhe aſks all, and will hear nothing — To anſwer in Order, Madam, to your Demands———

Mel. I am thinking what a happy Couple we ſhall be! For you ſhall keep up your Correſpondence abroad, and every thing that's new writ in *France*, and fine, I mean, all that's delicate, and *bien Tourné*, we will have firſt.

Pal. But, Madam, our Fortune———

Mel. I underſtand you, Sir; you'll leave that to me: For the manage of a Family, I know it better than any Lady in *Sicily*.

Pal. Alas, Madam, we———

Mel. Then we will never make Viſits together, nor ſee a Play, but always apart; you ſhall be every Day at the King's *Leve*, and I at the Queen's; and we will never meet, but in the Drawing-Room.

Phil. Madam, the new Prince is juſt paſs'd the end of the Walk.

Mel. The new Prince ſay'ſt thou? Adieu, dear Servant, I have not made my Court to him theſe two long Hours.

Oh,

Oh, 'tis the ſweeteſt Prince! So *obligeant*, *charmant*, *raviſſant*, that——Well, I'll make haſte to Kiſs his Hands; and then make half a ſcore Viſits more, and be with you again in a Twinkling. [*Exit, running with* Phil.

Pala. (*Solus*) Now Love of thy Mercy, bleſs me from this Tongue; it may keep the Field againſt a whole Army of Lawyers, and that in their own Language, French Gibberiſh. 'Tis true, in the Day-time, 'tis tolerable, when a Man has Field room to run from it; but to be ſhut up in a Bed with her, like two Cocks in a Pit; Humanity cannot ſupport it. I muſt Kiſs all Night in my own Defence, and hold her down like a Boy at Cuffs; nay, and give her the Riſing Blow every time ſhe begins to ſpeak. [*Exit.*

The end of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Celadon *meeting* Doralice.

Dor. BRother! what makes you here, about the Queen's Apartments? Which of the Ladies are you Watching for?

Cel. Any of 'em that will do me the good Turn, to make me ſoundly in Love.

Dor. Then I'll beſpeak you one; you will be deſperately in Love with *Florimel*. So ſoon as the Queen heard you were return'd, ſhe gave you her for a Miſtreſs.

Cel. Thank her Majeſty: But to confeſs the Truth, my Fancy lies partly another way.

Dor. That's ſtrange: *Florimel* vows you are in Love with her already——

Cel. She wrongs me horribly: If ever I ſaw, or ſpoke with this *Florimel!*

Dor. Well, take your Fortune, I muſt leave you. [*Exit* Doralice.

Enter

Enter Florimel, *ſees him, and is running back.*

Cel. Nay Faith, I am got betwixt you and Home, you are my Priſ'ner, Lady Bright, till you reſolve me one Queſtion [*She ſigns*] is ſhe Dumb? I gad, I think, ſhe is. What, a Vengeance, doſt thou at Court with ſuch a rare Face, without a Tongue to anſwer to a kind Queſtion? Art thou Dumb indeed? then thou can'ſt tell no Tales——

[*Goes to Kiſs her.*

Flor. Hold, hold, you are not Mad!

Cel. Oh, my Miſs in a Maſque! have you found your Tongue?

Flor. 'Twas time, I think; what had become of me, if I had not?

Cel. Methink your Lips had done as well.

Flor. Yes, if my Maſque had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the Walks.

Cel. Well, will you believe me another time? Did I not ſay you were intolerably handſome. They may talk of *Florimel*, if they will, but i'faith ſhe muſt come ſhort of you.

Flor. Have you ſeen her then?

Cel. I look'd a little that way, but I had ſoon enough of her; ſhe is not to be ſeen twice without a Surfeit.

Flor. However, you are beholding to her, they ſay ſhe Loves you.

Cel. By Fate ſhe ſhall not love me; I have told her a piece of my Mind already: Pox, o'theſe coming Women, they ſet a Man to Dinner, before he has an Appetite.

[Flavia *at the Door.*

Fla. Florimel, you are call'd within——

Cel. I hope, in the Lord, you are not *Florimel?*

Flor. Ev'n ſhe at your Service; the ſame kind and coming *Florimel*, you have deſcribed.

Cel. Why then we are agreed already; I am as kind and coming as you for the Heart of you: I knew at firſt we two were good for nothing but one another.

Flor. But, without Raillery, are you in Love?

Cel. So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my Conſcience I could marry you.

Flor.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet: But if you are really in Love you have done me the greateſt Pleaſure in the World.

Cel. That Pleaſure, and a better too I have in Store for you.

Flor. This Animal, call'd a Lover, I have long'd to ſee theſe two Years.

Cel. Sure you walk'd with your Maſque on all the while; for if you had been ſeen, you could not have been without your Wiſh.

Flor. I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover; but I muſt have other Proofs of Love e're I believe it.

Cel. You ſhall have the beſt that I can give you.

Flor. I would have a Lover, that if need be, ſhould hang himſelf, drown himſelf, break his Neck, and Poyſon himſelf, for very Deſpair. He that will ſcruple this is an impudent Fellow; if he ſays he's in Love.

Cel. Pray, Madam, which of theſe four would you have your Lover do? For a Man's but a Man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his Neck, and Poyſon himſelf altogether.

Flor. Well then, becauſe you are but a Beginner, and I would not diſcourage you, any one of theſe ſhall ſerve your Turn in a fair way.

Cel. I am much deceiv'd in thoſe Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddle, be not a more acceptable Proof of Love to you, than any of thoſe Tragical ones you have mention'd.

Flor. However, you will grant it is but decent you ſhou'd be Pale, and Lean, and Melancholy, to ſhew you are in Love; and that I ſhall require of you when I ſee you next.

Cel. When you ſee me next? Why, you do not make a Rabbet of me, to be Lean at twenty four Hours warning? In the mean while we burn Day-light, loſe Time, and Love.

Flor. Would you marry me without Conſideration?

Cel. Ay to chooſe; for they that think on't, twenty to one, would never do it: Hang fore-caſt; to make ſure of one good Night is as much, in Reaſon, as a Man ſhould expect from this ill World.

Flor.

Flor. Methinks a few more Years, and Diſcretion, would do well; I do not like this going to Bed ſo early, it makes one ſo weary before Morning.

Cel. That's much as your Pillow is laid before you go to Sleep.

Flor. Shall I make a Propoſition to you? I will give you a whole Year of Probation to Love me in, to grow Reſerv'd, Diſcreet, Sober, and Faithful, and to pay me all the Services of a Lover. ———

Cel. And at the end of it you'll marry me?

Flor. If neither of us alter our Minds before ———

Cel. By this Light, a neceſſary Clauſe ——— but if I pay in all the aforeſaid Services before the Day, you ſhall be oblig'd to take me ſooner into Mercy.

Flor. Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of a twelve Month to be prolong'd: So many Services I will bate you ſo many Days or Weeks; ſo many Faults, I will add to your 'Prentiſhip ſo much more: And of all this I only to be the Judge. If you like it, follow me, Captive.

[*She pulls him.*

Cel. March on, Conqueror. [*Exeunt* Cel. *and* Flor.

Enter Palamede ſolus.

Pal. 'Tis pretty odd, that my Miſtreſs ſhould ſo much reſemble *Rhodophil*'s! The ſame News-monger, the ſame paſſionate Lover of a Court; the ſame, but Baſta! ——— ſince I muſt marry her, I'll ſay nothing of her, becauſe he ſhall not laugh at my Misfortune.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. Well, *Palamede*, How go the Affairs of Love? You've ſeen your Miſtreſs.

Pal. I have ſo.

Rho. And how, and how? Has the old *Cupid*, your Father, choſen well for you? Is he a good Woodman?

Pal. She's much handſomer than I could have imagin'd: In ſhort, I love her, and will marry her.

Rho. Then you are quite off your old Miſtreſs?

Pal. You are miſtaken, I intend to love 'em both, as a reaſonable Man ought to do. For ſince all Women have

their Faults and Imperfections, 'tis fit that one of 'em ſhould help out the t'other.

Enter Doralice, *walking by and reading.*

Pal. Ods my Life! *Rodophil*, will you keep my Counſel?

Rho. Yes: Where's the Secret?

Pal. There 'tis. [*Shewing* Doralice.] I may tell you, as my Friend *Sub Sigillo*, &c. This is that very numerical Lady, with whom I am in Love.

Rho. By all that's Vertuous, my Wife. [*Aſide.*

Pal. You look ſtrangely; how do you like her? Is ſhe not very handſome.

Rho. Sure he abuſes me. [*Aſide.*] Why the Devil do you aſk my Judgment? [*To him.*

Pal. You are ſo dogged now, you think no Man's Miſtreſs handſome but your own. Come, you ſhall hear her talk too; ſhe has a Wit I aſſure you.

Rho. This is too much, *Palamede.* [*Going back.*

Pal. Prithee do not hang back ſo: Of an old try'd Lover, thou art the moſt baſhful Fellow. [*Pulling him forwards.*

Dor. Were you ſo near and would not ſpeak, dear Huſband? [*Looking up.*

Pal. Huſband, quoth a! I have cut out a fine Piece of Work for my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Rho. Pray, Spouſe, How long have you been acquainted with this Gentleman?

Dor. Who, I acquainted with this Stranger? To my beſt knowledge I never ſaw him before.

Enter Melantha *at the other end.*

Pal. Thanks, Fortune, thou haſt help'd me. [*Aſide.*

Rho. Palamede, this muſt not paſs ſo; I muſt know your Miſtreſs a little better.

Pal. It ſhall be your own Fault elſe. Come I'll introduce you.

Rho. Introduce me! Where?

Pal. There, to my Miſtreſs. [*Pointing to* Melantha, *who ſwiftly paſſes over the Stage.*

Rho. Who! *Melantha!* O Heavens, I did not ſee her.

Pal. But I did, I am an Eagle where I Love: I have ſeen her this half Hour.

Dor.

Dor. (*Aside.*) I find he has Wit, he has got off ſo readily; but it would anger me if he ſhould love *Melantha.*

Rho. (*Aside.*) Now I could e'en wiſh it were my Wife he lov'd, I find he's to be married to my Miſtreſs.

Pal. Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to preſent you to her?

Rho. No, you need not; I have the Honour to have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with her.

Pal. (*Aside.*) O *Jupiter!* What a Blockhead was I not to find it out? My Wife that muſt be, is his Miſtreſs. I did a little ſuſpect it before: Well, I muſt marry her, becauſe ſhe's handſome, and becauſe I hate to be diſinherited, for a younger Brother, which I am ſure I ſhall be if I diſobey; and yet I muſt keep in with *Rhodophil*, becauſe I love his Wife.

(*To* Rhodo.) I muſt deſire you to make my Excuſe to your Lady, if I have been ſo unfortunate to cauſe any Miſtake, and withal, to beg the Honour of being known to her.

Rho. O, that's but reaſon. Hark you, Spouſe, Pray look upon this Gentleman as my Friend, whom, to my Knowledge, you have never ſeen before this Hour.

Dor. I am ſo obedient a Wife, Sir, that my Husband's Commands ſhall ever be a Law to me.

Enter Melantha *again, haſtily runs to embrace* Doralice.

Mel. O, my Dear, I was juſt going to pay my Devoirs to you; I had not time this Morning, for making my Court to the King, and our new Prince. Well, never Nation was ſo happy, and all that, in a young Prince; and he's the kindeſt Perſon in the World to me, let me die if he is not.

Dor. He has been bred up far from Court, and therefore—

Mel. That imports not: Tho' he has not ſeen the *Grand Monde*, and all that, let me die but he has the Air of the Court moſt abſolutely.

Pal. But yet, Madam, he——

Mel. O Servant, you can teſtifie, that I am in his good Graces. Well I cannot ſtay long with you, becauſe I have

promiſed him this Afternoon——— But hark you, my Dear, I'll tell you a Secret. [*Whiſpers to* Dor.

Rho. The Devil's in me that I muſt love this Woman. [*Aſide.*

Pal. The Devil's in me that I muſt marry this Woman. [*Aſide.*

Mel. (*Raiſing her Voice.*) So the Prince and I——— But you muſt make a Secret of this, my Dear, for I would not for the World your Husband ſhould hear it, or my Tyrant there that muſt be.

Pal. Well, fair Impertinent, your Whiſper is not loſt, we hear you. [*Aſide.*

Dor. I underſtand then, that———

Mel. I'll tell you, my Dear, the Prince took me by the Hand, and preſs'd it *al a derobbée*, becauſe the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and ſaid a thouſand Gallantries, or let me die, my Dear.

Dor. Then I am ſure you———

Mel. You are miſtaken, my Dear.

Dor. What! before I ſpeak?

Mel. But I know your Thoughts. You think, my Dear, that I aſſum'd ſome think of *fierte* into my Countenance, to *rebuté* him; but quite contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to expreſs it in our dull *Sicilian* Language, *d'un ayre enjoüe*; and ſaid nothing but *adeutre, adeutre*, and that it was all *Grimace*, and would not paſs upon me.

Enter Flavia, Melantha *ſees her, and runs away from* Dor.

(*To* Flavia.) My Dear, I muſt beg your pardon, I was juſt making a Looſe from *Doralice*, to pay my Reſpects to you: Let me die, if I ever paſs Time ſo agreeably, as in your Company; and if I would leave it for any Ladies in *Sicily*.

Fla. Here's the new Beauty, *Florimel*, is coming this Way.

Enter Florimel, Melantha *runs to her.*

Mel. O dear Madam! I have been at your Lodgings, in my new Galeche, ſo often to tell you of a new Amour between two Perſons whom you would little ſuſpect for it; that

that, let me die, if one of my Coach-horſes be not dead, and another quite tyr'd, and ſunk under the Fatigue.

Flo. O, *Melantha!* I can tell you News, the Prince is coming this Way.

Mel. The Prince! O ſweet Prince! He and I are to—— and I forgot it——— Your pardon, ſweet Madam, for my Abruptneſs. Adieu, my Dears. Servant *Rhodophil*; Servant, Servant; Servant all. [*Exit running.*

Rhodophil *goes to* Florimel *and* Flavia. [*Whiſpers.*

Dor. (*To* Pal.) Why do you not follow your Miſtreſs, Sir?

Pal. Follow her! why, at this rate ſhe'll be at the *Indies* within this half Hour.

Dor. However, if you can't follow her to Day, you'll meet her at Night, I hope.

Rho. (*To himſelf*) I begin to hate this *Palamede*, becauſe he is to marry my Miſtreſs: Yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her Company. 'Tis a hard Caſe, when a Man muſt go by his Rival to his Miſtreſs: But 'tis at worſt, but uſing him like a Pair of heavy Boots in a dirty Journey; after I have foul'd him all Day, I'll throw him off at Night——.

Pal. But can you, in Charity, ſuffer me to be mortified, without affording me ſome Relief? If it be but to puniſh that Sign of a Husband there; that lazy Matrimony, that dull inſipid Taſte, who leaves ſuch delicious Fare at home, to dine abroad on worſe Meat, and to pay dear for it into the Bargain.

Dor. All this is in vain: Aſſure your ſelf, I will never admit of any Viſit from you in private.

Pal. That is to tell me, in other Words, my Condition is deſperate.

Dor. I think you in ſo ill a Condition, that I am reſolv'd to pray for you this very Evening, in the Cloſe Walk behind the Terraſs; for that's a private place, and there I am ſure no Body will diſturb my Devotions. And ſo Good-night, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pal. I

Pal. This is the newest way of making an Appointment I ever heard of: Let Women alone to contrive the Means; I find we are but Dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be so prophane a Wretch as to interrupt her Devotions; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my Knees, and endeavour to join my own with 'em.——

Fla. Celadon! what makes him here. [*Exeunt omn. but Fla. Enter to her* Celadon, Olinda, Sabina; *they walk over the Stage together, He seeming to Court them.*

Olin. Nay, sweet *Celadon*——

Sab. Nay, dear *Celadon.*

Fla. Oho! I see his Business now, 'tis with *Melissa*'s two Daughters: Look, look, how he peeps about to see if the Coast be clear; like an Hawk that will not plume if she be look'd on—— [*Exeunt Celadon, Olinda, Sabina.* So—at last he has trus's'd his Quarry.

Enter Florimel.

Flor. Did you see *Celadon* this way?

Fla. If you had not ask'd the Question, I should have thought you had come from Watching him; he is just gone off with *Melissa*'s Daughters.

Flor. Melissa's Daughters! He did not Court 'em I hope.

Fla. So busily, he lost no time: While he was teaching the one a Tune, he was kissing the other's Hand.

Flor. O fine Gentleman!

Fla. And they so greedy of him! Did you never see two Fishes about a Bait, tugging it this way and t'other way? For my part, I look'd at least he should have lost a Leg or Arm i'th' Service—Nay, never vex your self, but e'en resolve to break with him.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet; I'll correct him first, and then hope the best from Time.

Fla. From Time! Believe me, there's little Good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and Hour-glass bring any thing but Gray Hair, thin Cheeks, and loss of Teeth: You see *Celadon* loves others.

Flor. There is the more hope he may love me amongst the

the reſt: Hang't, I would not marry one of theſe ſolemn Fops: Give me a Servant that is an High-Flyer at all Games, that is bounteous of himſelf to many Women; and yet whenever I pleas'd to throw out the Lure of Matrimony, ſhould come down with a Swinge, and fly the better at his own Quarry.

Fla. But are you ſure you can take him down when you think good?

Flor. Nothing more certain.

Fla. What Wager will you venture upon the Tryal?

Flor. Any thing.

Fla. My Maidenhead to yours.

Flor. That's a good one, who ſhall take the Forfeit?

Fla. Well, I'll go and write a Letter as from theſe two Siſters, to ſummon him immediately; it ſhall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you ſee a ſtrong Combat betwixt the Fleſh and the Spirit: If he leaves you to go to them, you'll grant he loves them better?

Flor. Not a jot the more: A Bee may pick of many Flowers, and yet like ſome one better than all the reſt.

Fla. But then your Bee muſt not leave his Sting behind him.

Flor. Well, make the Experiment however: I hear him coming, and a whole Noiſe of Fidlers at his Heels. Hey day, what a mad Huſband ſhall I have!

Enter Celadon.

Fla. And what a mad Wife will he have? Well, I muſt go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: You'll keep him in diſcourſe the while. [*Exit* Flavia.

Cel. Where are you, Madam? What do you mean to run away thus? Pray ſtand to't, that we may diſpatch this Buſineſs. Caught! by all that's Impudent. [*Aſide.*

Flor. I think you mean to watch me, as they do Witches, to make me confeſs I love you. Lord, what a Buſtle have you kept this Afternoon? what with Eating, Singing and Dancing, I am ſo wearied, that I ſhall not be in caſe to hear any more Love this fortnight.

Cel. Nay, if you ſurfeit on't before tryal, Mercy on you when I have marry'd you.

Flor.

Flor. But what King's Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant Expence?

Cel. I have an intolerable Father, a rich old Rogue, if he would once die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it ere he dies?

Flor. As long as ever he can, I'll paſs my word for him.

Cel. I think then we had beſt conſider him as an obſtinate old Fellow, that is Deaf to the News of a better World, and ne'er ſtay for him.

Flor. But e'en marry, and get him Grand-Children in abundance, and Great Grand-Children upon them, and ſo inch him and ſhove him out of the world by the very force of new Generations.—If that be the way, you muſt excuſe me.

Cel. But do'ſt thou know what it is to be an old Maid?

Flor. No, nor hope I ſhan't theſe twenty Years.

Cel. But when that time comes, in the firſt place thou wilt be condemn'd to tell Stories, how many Men thou might'ſt have had; and none believe thee: Then thou groweſt froward, and impertinently wearieſt all thy Friends to ſollicit Man for thee.

Flor. Away with your old Common-place Wit: I am reſolv'd to grow fat, and look young till Forty, and then ſlip out of the world with the firſt wrinkle, and the Reputation of Five and Twenty.

Cel. Well, what think you now of a Reckoning betwixt us?

Flor. How do you mean?

Cel. To diſcount for ſo many Days of my Year's Service, as I have paid in ſince Morning.

Flor. With all my heart.

Cel. Imprimis, for a Treat: *Item*, for my Glaſs-Coach: *Item*, for ſitting bare, and playing with your Fan: And laſtly and principally, for my Fidelity to you this long Hour and half.

Flor. For this I bate you three weeks of your Service: Now hear your Bill of Faults; for your comfort, 'tis a ſhort one.

Cel. I know it.

Flor.

Flor. Imprimis, Item, and Sum Total, for keeping Company with *Meliſſa*'s Daughters.

Cel. How the Duce came you to know of that? Gad, I believe the Devil plays booty againſt himſelf, and tells you of my Sins. [*Aſid.*

Flor. The Offence being ſo ſmall, the Puniſhment ſhall be proportionable; I will ſet you back only half a Year.

Cel. You're moſt Unconſcionable: why then do you think we ſhall come together? There's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. What do you take me for ſome Couſin of *Methuſalem*'s, that I muſt ſtay an Hundred Years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters?

Flor. Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me, without offering to excuſe himſelf: *Item,* a Fortnight more for that.

Cel. So there's another Puff in my Voyage has blown me back to the North of *Great Britain.*

Flor. All this is nothing to your Excuſe for the two Siſters.

Cel. Faith if ever I did more than Kiſs 'em, and that but once———

Flor. What could you have done more to me?

Cel. An hundred times more; as thou ſhalt know dear Rogue, at time convenient.

Flor. You talk, you talk: Cou'd you Kiſs 'em, though but once, and never think of me?

Cel. Nay, if I had thought of thee, I had kiſs'd 'em over a thouſand times with the very force of Imagination.

Flor. The Gallants are mightily beholden to you; you have found 'em out a new way to kiſs their Miſtreſſes, upon other Womens Lips.

Cel. What wou'd you have? You are my *Sultana* Queen, the reſt are but in the nature of your Slaves: I may make ſome ſlight Excurſion in the Enemy's Country for Forage, or ſo, but I ever return to my Head Quarters.

Enter Boy with a Letter.

Cel. To me?

Boy. If your Name be *Celadon.* [Celad. *reads ſoftly.*

Cel. [*To the Page*] Child, come hither Child, here's Money for thee: So, begone quickly, good Child, before any Body examines thee: Thou art in a dangerous place, Child—

[*Thruſts him out.*

Very good, the Siſters ſend me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to Sup there — Now cannot I forbear, and I ſhould be hang'd, tho' I ſcap'd a Scouring ſo lately for it. Yet I love *Florimel* better than both of 'em together. —— There's the Riddle on't, but only for the ſweet ſake of Variety. [*Aſide.*

Well, we muſt all Sin, and all Repent, and there's an end on't.

Flor. What is it that make you fidge up and down ſo?

Cel. Faith I am ſent for by a very dear Friend, and 'tis upon a buſineſs of Life and Death.

Flor. On my Life ſome Woman.

Cel. On my Hononr ſome Man; do you think I would lie to you.

Flor. But you engag'd to Sup with me.

Cel. But I conſider it may be Scandalous to ſtay late in your Lodgings. Adieu, dear Creature, if ever I am falſe to thee again —— [*Exit. Celadon.*

Flor. See what conſtant Metal you Men are made of! He begins to vex me in good earneſt. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em; and yet methinks I can't endure he ſhould neither. Lord, that ſuch a Mad-cap as I ſhould ever live to be Jealous! I muſt after him. Some Ladies would diſcard him now; but I,

A fitter way for my Revenge will find,
I'll marry him, and ſerve him in his kind. [Exit Flor.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Rhodophil *meeting* Doralice *and* Flavia. Rhodophil *and* Doralice *embrace.*

Rho. MY own dear Heart!

Dor. My own true Love! [*She ſtarts back.*] I had forgot my ſelf, to be ſo kind; indeed I am very Angry with you, Dear, you are come an Hour after you appointed: If you had ſtaid a Minute longer, I was juſt conſidering whether I ſhould Stab, Hang, or Drown my ſelf. [*Embracing him.*

Rho. Nothing but the King's Buſineſs could have hinder'd me; and

and I was ſo vex'd, that I was juſt laying down my Commiſſion, rather than have fail'd my Dear. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Fla. Why, this is Love as it ſhould be, betwixt Man and Wife; ſuch another Couple would bring Marriage into Faſhion again. But is it always thus betwixt you!

Rho. Always thus! this is nothing. I tell you there is not ſuch a pair of Turtles in all *Sicily*; there is ſuch an eternal Cooing and Kiſſing betwixt us, that indeed it is ſcandalous before Company.

Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd I ſhould have been this fond Fool, I would never have marry'd the Man I lov'd: I marry'd to be Happy, and have made my ſelf Miſerable, by over-loving. Nay, and now my Caſe is deſperate, for I have been marry'd above theſe two Years, and find my ſelf every Day worſe and worſe in Love; nothing but Madneſs can be the end on't.

Fla. Doat on to the Extremity, and you are Happy.

Dor. He deſerves ſo infinitely much, that the truth is, there can be no doating in the Matter; but to love well, I confeſs is a Work that pays it ſelf; 'tis telling Gold, and after taking it for ones Pains.

Rho. By that I ſhould be a very covetous Perſon, for I am ever pulling out my Money, and putting it into my Pocket again.

Dor. Oh dear *Rhodophil!*

Rho. Oh ſweet *Doralice!* [*Embracing each other.*

Fla. (Aſide) Nay, I'm reſolv'd I'll never interrupt Lovers: I'll leave them as happy as I found 'em. [*Steals away.*

Rho. What, is ſhe gone? [*Looking up.*

Dor. Yes, and without taking leave.

Rho. Then there's enough for this time.

Dor. Yes ſure, the Scene's done I take it. [*Parting from her.*

[*They walk contray on the Stage, he with his Hands in his Pocket, Whiſtling, ſhe Singing a dull melancholy Tune.*

Rho. Pox o'your dull Tune, a Man can't think for you.

Dor. Pox o'your damn'd Whiſtling, you can neither be Company to me your ſelf, nor leave me to the freedom of my own Fancy.

Rho. Well, thou art the moſt provoking Wife.

Dor. Well, thou art the dulleſt Huſband, thou art never to be provok'd.

Rho. I was never thought dull till I marry'd thee, and now

thou haſt made an old Knife of me, thou haſt whetted me ſo long till I have no Edge left.

Dor. I ſee you are in the Huſband's Faſhion, you reſerve all your good Humour for your Miſtreſſes, and keep your Ill for your Wives.

Rho. Prithee leave me to my own Cogitations; I am thinking over all my Sins, to find for which of them 'twas I marry'd thee.

Dor. What ever your Sin was, mine's the Puniſhment.

Rho. My Comfort is, thou art not Immortal; and when that bleſſed, that Divine Day comes, of this Departure, I'm reſolv'd I'll make one Holy Day more in the Almanack, for thy ſake.

Dor. Ay, you had need make a Holy Day for me, for I am ſure you have made me a Martyr.

Rho. Then ſetting my victorious Foot upon thy Head, in the firſt Hour of thy Silence, (that is the firſt Hour thou art Dead, for I deſpair of it before) I will ſwear by thy Ghoſt, an Oath as terrible to me, as *Styx* is to the Gods; never more to be in danger to the Bonds of Matrimony—

Dor. And I am reſolv'd to marry the very ſame Day thou dy'ſt, if it be to ſhew how little I'm concern'd for thee.

Rho. Prithee, *Doralice*, why do we quarrel thus a Days? Ha! This is but a kind of Heatheniſh Life, and does not anſwer the ends of Marriage. If I have err'd, propoſe what reaſonable Atonement may be made, before we Sleep, and I ſhall not be Refractory: But with all conſider, I have been marry'd theſe three Years, and be not too Tyrannical.

Dor. Why ſhould you talk of a Peace, when you can give no Security for performance of Articles?

Rho. Then ſince we muſt live together, and both of us ſtand upon our Terms, as to the matter of dying firſt, let us ev'n make our ſelves as merry as we can with our Misfortunes. Why there's the Devil on't, if thou couldſt make thy Favours but a little leſs eaſie, or but a little more unlawful, thou ſhouldſt ſee what a Termagant Lover I would prove. I have taken ſuch Pains to like thee, *Doralice*, that I have fancy'd thee all the fine Women in the Town to help me out: But now there's none left for me to think on, my Imagination is quite jaded. Thou art a Wife, and thou wilt be a Wife, and I can make thee another no longer. [*Exit.* Rho.

Dor.

Dor. Well, ſince thou art a Huſband, and wilt be a Huſband, I'll try if I can't find out another that won't think me a Wife.

Enter Melantha *and* Flavia *to her.*

Mil. Dear, my dear, pity me, I am ſo chagrin to Day, and have had the moſt ſignal Affront at Court! I went this Afternoon to do my *Devoir* to the Princeſs, and help'd to make her Court ſome half an Hour: After which ſhe went to take the Air, choſe out two Ladies to go with her, that came in after me, and left me moſt barbarouſly behind her.

Fla. You are the leſs to be pitied *Melantha*, becauſe you ſubject your ſelf to theſe Affronts, by coming perpetually to Court, where you have no Buſineſs nor Employment.

Mel. I declare I had rather of the two, be *rally'd*, nay *mal traittee* at Court, than be deify'd in the Town; for poſitively, nothing can be ſo *ridicule*, as a meer Town Lady.

Fla. And therefore I would e'en adviſe you to quit the Court, and live either wholly in the Town; or, if you like not that, in the Country.

Dor. In the Country! nay, that's to fall beneath the Town; for they live there upon our Offals here: Their entertainment of Wit is only the remembrance of what they had when they were laſt in Town; they live this Year upon laſt Years knowledge, as the Cattle do all Night, by chewing of the Cud of what they eat in the Afternoon.

Mel. And then they tell for News ſuch unlikely Stories: A Letter from one of us is ſuch a Preſent to 'em, that the poor Souls wait for the Carrier's Day with ſuch Devotion, that they cannot Sleep the Night before.

Fla. No more than I can the Night before I am to go a Journey.

Dor. Or I, before I am to try on a new Gown.

Mel. A Song that's ſtale here, will be new there a twelve Month hence: And if a Man of the Town by chance come amongſt 'em, he's reverenc'd for teaching 'em the Tune.

Dor. A Friend of mine, who makes Songs ſometimes, came lately out of the Weſt, and vow'd he was ſo put out of Countenance with a Song of his: For at the firſt Country Gentlemans he viſited, he ſaw three Tailors croſs legg'd upon the Table in the Hall, who were tearing it out as loud as they could ſing,

——— *After the Pangs of a deſperate Lover*, &c.

And

And all that Day he heard nothing elſe, but the Daughters of the Houſe, and the Maids, humming it over in every Corner, and the Father Whiſtling it.

Fla. Indeed I have obſerv'd of my ſelf, that when I am out of Town but a Fortnight, I am ſo humble, that I would receive a Letter from my Taylor or Mercer, for a Favour.

Mel. When I have been at Graſs in the Summer, and am new come up again, methinks I am to be turn'd into ridicule by all that ſee me: But when I have been once or twice at Court, I begin to value my ſelf again, and to deſpiſe my Country Acquaintance.

Fla. There are places where all People may be adored, and we ought to know our ſelves ſo well as to chuſe 'em. But I ſee we ſhall leave *Melantha* where we found her; for the Town and Country are become more dreadful to her than the Court, where ſhe was affronted. But you forget, we are to wait on the Princeſs. Come *Doralice.*

Dor. Farewel, *Melantha.*

Mel. Adieu, my Dear.

Fla. You are out of Charity with her, and therefore I ſhall not give your Service.

Mel. Do not omit it, I beſeech you; for I have ſuch a Tender for the Court, that I love it even from the Drawing-Room to the Lobby, and can never be *Rebuttee* by any Uſage. But hark you, my Dear, one thing I had forgot of great Concernment.

Dor. Quickly then, we are in haſte.

Mel. Do not call it my Service, that's too Vulgar; but do my *Baiſe Mains* to the Princeſs.

Dor. To do you Service then, we will do your *Baiſe Mains* to the Princeſs. [*Exeunt* Fla. *and* Dor.

Enter Philotis *with a Paper in her Hand.*

Mel. O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you a moſt precious Damſel, to retard all my Viſits for want of Language, when you know you are paid ſo well for furniſhing me with new Words for my daily Converſation? Let me die, if I have not run the riſque already, to ſpeak like one of the Vulgar; and if I have one Phraſe left in all my Store that is not thread-bare, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to Peaſants.

Phi. Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my Vocation; but you have ſo drain'd all the *French* Plays and Romances,

mances, that they are not able to ſupply you with Words for your daily Expences.

Mel. Drain'd, what a Word's there? *Epuiſée*, you Sot you. Come produce your Morning's-work.

Phil. 'Tis here, Madam. [*Shews the Paper.*

Mel. O, my *Venus!* fourteen or fifteen Words to ſerve me a whole Day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot laſt till Night. Come read your Works: Twenty to One half of them will not paſs muſter neither.

Phil. Sottiſes. [*Reads.*

Mel. Sottiſes, bon, that's an excellent Word to begin withal, as for Example: He or ſhe ſaid a thouſand *Sottiſes* to me. Proceed.

Phil. Figure: As what a *Figure* of a Man is there? *Naive*, and *Naiveté.*

Mel. Naivé; as how?

Phil. Speaking of a thing that was naturally ſaid; it was ſo *naive*, or ſuch an innocent Piece of Simplicity; 'twas ſuch a *Naivetê.*

Mel. Truce with your Interpretations; make haſte.

Phil. Foible, Chagrin, Grimace, Embarraſſe, double Entendre, Equivoque, Eclairciſſement, Suittè, Beveue, Façon, Panchant, Coup d'etourdy, and *Ridicule.*

Mel. Hold, hold; how did they begin?

Phil. They began at *Sottiſes*, and ended *en Ridicule.*

Mel. Now give me your Paper in my Hand, and hold you my Glaſs, while I practiſe my Airs for the Day. [Melantha *laughs in the Glaſs.*] How does that Laugh become my Face?

Phil. Sovereignly well, Madam.

Mel. Sovereignly! Let me die, that's not amiſs, that Word ſhall not be yours, I'll invent it, and bring it up my ſelf; my new Head ſhall be yours upon't: Not a Word of the Word, I charge you.

Phil. I am dumb, Madam.

Mel. That Glance, how ſuits it with my Face? [*Looking in the Glaſs again.*

Phil. 'Tis ſo *Languiſſant.*

Mel. Languiſſant! That Word ſhall be mine too, and my laſt *Indian-Gown* thine for't. That Sigh. [*Looks again.*

Phil. 'Twill make many a Man ſigh, Madam, 'tis a meer *Incendiary.*

Mel.

Mel. Take my Blue-Petticoat for that Truth. If thou haſt any more of theſe Phraſes, let me die, but I could give away all my Wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

Phil. Go naked! Then you would be a *Venus*, Madam. *Jupiter!* What had I forgot? This Paper was given me by *Rhodophil*'s Page.

Mel. (Reading the Letter) — *Beg the Favour from you— Gratifie my Paſſion— ſo far— Aſſignation— in the* Grotto— *behind the* Terras— *Clock this Evening*——— Well, for the *Billet-doux*, there's no Man in *Sicily* muſt diſpute with *Rhodophil*; they are ſo *French*, ſo Gallant, and ſo *Tendre*, that I cannot reſiſt the Temptation of the Aſſignation. Now go you away *Philotis*, it imports me to practiſe what I ſhall ſay to my Servant when I meet him. [*Exit* Philotis.

Rhodophil, you'll wonder at my Aſſurance to meet you here, let me die, I am ſo out of Breath with coming, that I can render you no Reaſon for it. Then he will make this Repartee, Madam, I have no Reaſon to accuſe you for that which is ſo great a Favour to me. Then I reply, But why have you drawn me to this ſolitary Place? Let me die, but I am apprehenſive of ſome Violence from you. Then ſays he, Solitude, Madam, is moſt fit for Lovers; but by this fair Hand—— Nay now, I vow you're rude Sir: O fie, fie, fie, I hope you'll be Honourable? —— You'd laugh at me if I ſhou'd, Madam—— What do you mean to raviſh a Kiſs by main Force? Ha, ha, ha, [*Exit.*

Palamede *and* Doralice *meet*; *ſhe with a Book in her Hand ſeems to ſtart at ſight of him.*

Dor. 'Tis a ſtrange thing that no Warning will ſerve your turn; and that no Retirement will ſecure me from your impertinent Addreſſes! Did I not tell you that I was to be private here at my Devotions?

Pal. Yes; and you ſee I have obſerv'd my Cue exactly: I am come to relieve you from them. Come ſhut up, ſhut up your Book; the Man's come who is to ſupply your Neceſſities.

Dor. Then it ſeems, you are ſo impudent to think it was an Aſſignation? This I warrant was your lewd Interpretation of my innocent Meaning.

Pal. Venus forbid that I ſhould harbour ſo unreaſonable a Thought of a fair young Lady, that you ſhould lead me hi-

ther

ther into Temptation. I confeſs I might think indeed it was a kind of Honourable Challenge, to meet privately, without Seconds, and decide the Difference betwixt the two Sexes: But I hope you'll forgive me if I thought amiſs.

Dor. You thought too, I'll lay my Life on't, that you might as well make Love to me, as my Huſband does to your Miſtreſs.

Pal. I was ſo unreaſonable to think ſo too.

Dor. And then you wickedly inferr'd, that there was ſome Juſtice in the Revenge of it: Or at leaſt but little Injury; for a Man to endeavour to enjoy that, which he accounts a Bleſſing, and which is not valu'd as it ought by the dull Poſſeſſor. Confeſs your Wickedneſs; did you not think ſo?

Pal. I confeſs I was thinking ſo, as faſt as I could; but you think ſo much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I deſign'd: I have foreſtall'd all your Arguments, and left you without a word more, to plead for Mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, e'er Sentence paſs —— Poor Animal! I brought you hither only for my Diverſion.

Pal. That you may have, if you'll make uſe of me the right way; but I tell thee, Woman, I'm now paſt talking.

Dor. But it may be, I came hither to hear what fine things you could ſay for your ſelf.

Pal. You would be very angry, to my Knowledge, if I ſhould loſe ſo much time to ſay many of 'em; and by this hand you would ——

Dor. Fie *Palamede*, I am a Woman of Honour.

Pal. I ſee you are; you have kept touch with your Aſſignation, and before we part, you ſhall find that I am a Man of Honour—yet I have one Scruple of Conſcience ——

Dor. I warrant you will not want ſome naughty Argument or other to ſatisfie your ſelf—I hope you are afraid of betraying your Friend?

Pal. Of betraying my Friend! I am more afraid of being betray'd by you to my Friend. You Women now are got into the way of telling firſt your ſelves: A Man who has any care of his Reputation will be loth to truſt it with you.

Dor. O you charge your Faults upon our Sex: You Men are like Cocks, you never make Love, but you clap your Wings, and Crow when you have done.

Pal. Nay, rather you Women are like Hens; you never Lay, but you Cackle an Hour after, to diſcover your Neſt—but I'll venture it for once.

Dor. To convince you that you are in the wrong, I'll retire into the dark *Grotto*, to my Devotion, and make ſo little Noiſe that it ſhall be impoſſible for you to find me.

Pal. But if I do find you———

Dor. Ay, if you do find me—— [*She runs in, and he after her.*

Enter Rhodophil *and* Melantha.

Mel. Let me die, but this Solitude, and that Grotto are ſcandalous; I'll go no farther: Beſides, you have a ſweet Lady of your own.

Rho. But a ſweet Miſtreſs, now and then, makes my ſweet Lady ſo much more ſweet.

Mel. I hope you will not force me?

Rho. But I will if you deſire it.

Pal. (*within*) Where the Devil are you, Madam? S'death I begin to be weary of this Hide and Seek: If you ſtay a little longer, till the Fit's over, I'll hide in my turn, and put you to the finding of me. [*He Enters, and ſees* Rho. *and* Mel. How, *Rhodophil* and my Miſtreſs!

Mel. My Servant to apprehend me! This is *Supreuant au dernier.*

Rho. I muſt on, there's nothing but Impudence can help me out.

Pal. Rhodophil, how came you hither in ſo good Company?

Rho. As you ſee, *Palamede*; an effect of pure Friendſhip; I was not able to live without you.

Pal. But what makes my Miſtreſs with you?

Rho. Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in Civility but bring her to you.

Mel. You'll pardon the Effects of a Paſſion, which I may now avow for you, if it tranſported me beyond the Rules of *bien Seance.*

Pal. But who told you I was here? They that told you that, may tell you more, for ought I know.

Rho. O, for that matter, we had Intelligence.

Pal. But let me tell you, we came hither ſo privately, that you could not trace us.

Rho.

Rho. Us! what us? You are alone.

Pal. Us! the Devil's in me for miſtaking. Me, I meant: Or Us; that is, You are Me, or I You, as we are Friends, that's Us.

Dor. Palamede, Palamede. [*Within.*

Rho. I ſhould know that Voice: Who's within there, that calls you.

Pal. Faith, I can't imagine; I believe that place is Haunted.

Dor. Palamede, Palamede. [*Within.*

Pal. Lord, lord, what ſhall I do? Well, dear Friend, to let you ſee I ſcorn to be Jealous, and that I dare truſt my Miſtreſs with you, take her back, for I would not willingly have her frighted; and I am reſolv'd to ſee who's there: I'll not be daunted with a Bug-bear, that's certain, prithee diſpute it not, it ſhall be ſo; nay, do not put me to ſwear, but go quickly; there's an Effect of pure Friendſhip for you, now.

Enter Doralice, *and looks amaz'd, ſeeing them.*

Rho. Doralice! I am Thunder-ſtruck to ſee you here.

Pal. So am I, quite Thunder-ſtruck; was it you that call'd me within? (I muſt be Impudent.)

Rho. How came you hither, Spouſe!

Pal. Ay, how came you hither? And, which is more, how could you be here without my Knowledge?

Dor. (To her Huſband) O, Gentleman, have I caught you i'faith? Have I broke forth in ambuſh upon you? I thought my Suſpicions would prove true.

Rho. Suſpicions! This is very fine, Spouſe. Prithee what Suſpicions?

Dor. O, you feign Ignorance: why of you and *Melantha*; here have I ſtaid theſe two hours, waiting with all the Rage of a paſſionate Loving Wife, but infinitely Jealous, to take you two together; for hither I was certain you would come.

Rho. But you are miſtaken, Spouſe, in the occaſion; for we came hither on purpoſe to find *Palamede*, on Intelligence he was gone before.

Pal. I'll be hang'd then, if the ſame Party, who gave you Intelligence I was here, did not tell your Wife you would come hither: Now I ſmell the Malice out on both ſides.

Dor. Was it ſo, think you? Nay then, I'll confeſs my part of the Malice too. As ſoon as ever I ſpy'd my Huſband and

Melantha come together, I had a ſtrange Temptation to make him Jealous in Revenge; and that made me call *Palamede*, *Palamede*, as though there had been an Intrigue between us.

Mel. Nay, I vow there was an appearance of an Intrigue between us too.

Pal. To ſee how things will come about.

Rho. And was it only thus, my dear *Doralice?* [*Embraces.*

Dor. And did I wrong n'own *Rhodophil*, with a falſe Suſpicion? [*Embracing him.*

Pal. (*Aſide*) Now I am confident we had all four the ſame Deſign: 'Tis a pretty odd kind of Game this, where each of us plays for double Stakes: This is juſt Thruſt and Parry with the ſame Motion; I am to get his Wife, and yet to guard my own Miſtreſs. But I am vilely ſuſpicious, that, while I conquer in the right Wing, I ſhall be routed in the left: For both our Women will certainly betray their Party, becauſe they are each of them for gaining two, as well as we; and I much fear,

If their Neceſſities and ours were known,
They have more need of two, than we of one. [*Exeunt Embracing one another.*

Enter Meliſſa, *after her* Olinda *and* Sabina.

Mel. I muſt take this buſineſs up in time: This wild Fellow begins to haunt my Houſe again. Well, I'll be bold to ſay it, 'tis as eaſie to bring up a young Lion, without Miſchief, as a Maidenhead of Fifteen, to make it tame for a Huſband's Bed: Not but that the young Man is Handſome, Rich, and Young; and I cou'd be content he ſhould marry one of them: But to ſeduce 'em both in this manner!—Well, I'll examine them apart; and if I can find out which he loves, I'll offer him his Choice—*Olinda*, come hither, Child———

Olin. Your Pleaſure, Madam?

Mel. Nothing but your Good, *Olinda*. What think you of *Celadon?*

Olin. Why, I think he is a very mad Fellow; but yet I have ſome Obligements to him: He teaches me new Airs on the *Guitarre*, and talks wildly to me, and I to him.

Mel. But tell me in earneſt, do you think he loves you?

Olin. Can you doubt it? There were never two ſo cut out for one another; we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats, and

and Muſick. In ſhort, we are each others Counter-part.

Mel. But does he love you ſeriouſly?

Olin. Seriouſly! I know not that; if he did, perhaps I ſhould not love him: But we Sit and Talk, and we Wrangle and are Friends: When we are together we never hold our Tongues, and then we have always a Noiſe of Fiddles at our Heels; he hunts me merrily, as the Hound does the Hare: and either this is Love, or I know it not.

Mel. Well, go back, and call *Sabina* to me [Olinda *goes behind.*] This is a Riddle paſt my finding out: Whether he loves her or no is the Queſtion; but this I am ſure of, ſhe loves him.—O my little Favourite, I muſt aſk you a Queſtion concerning *Celadon*: Is he in Love with you?

Sab. I think indeed he does not hate me, at leaſt if a Man's word may be taken for it.

Mel. But what Expreſſions has he made you?

Sab. Truly the Man has done his part; he has ſpoken civilly to me, and I was not ſo Young but I underſtood him.

Mel. And you could be content to marry him?

Sab. I have ſworn never to marry; beſides, he's a wild young Man; yet to obey you Mother, I would be content to be ſacrific'd.

Mel. No, no, we wou'd but lead you to the Altar.

Sab. Not to put off the Gentleman neither; for if I have him not, I am reſolv'd to die a Maid, that's once Mother——

Mel. Both my Daughters are in love with him, and I cannot yet find he loves either of them.

Olin. Mother, Mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the Walks.

Mel. Peace, Wanton, you had beſt ring the Bells for Joy. Well I'll not meet him, becauſe I know not which to offer him, yet he ſeems to like the youngeſt beſt: I'll give him Opportunity with her. *Olinda*, do you make haſte after me.

Olin. This is ſomething hard though. [*Exit* Meliſſa.

Enter Celadon.

Cel. You ſee Ladies, the leaſt Breath of yours brings me to you: I have been ſeeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

Sab. 'Tis well you found us.

Cel. I found you! Half this brightneſs betwixt you Two was enough to have lighted me; I could never miſs my way: Here's

Here's fair *Olinda* has Beauty enough for one Family? ſuch a Voice, ſuch a Wit, ſo noble a Stature, ſo white a Skin.

Olin. I thought he would be particular at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Cel. And young *Sabina*, ſo ſweet an Innocence. Such a Roſe-bud newly blown. This is my goodly Palace of Love, and that my little with-drawing Room——A word, Madam——— [*To* Sab.

Olin. I like not this [*Aſide*] Sir, if you are not too buſie with my Siſter I wou'd ſpeak with you.

Cel. I come Madam———

Sab. Time enough, Sir; pray finiſh your Diſcourſe——. And as you were a ſaying, Sir———

Olin. Sweet, Sir———

Sab. Siſter, you forget, my Mother bid you make haſte.

Olin. Well, go you and tell her I am coming——

Sab. I can never endure to be the Meſſenger of ill News; but if you pleaſe, I'll ſend her word you won't come———

Olin. Minion, Minion, remember this— [*Exit* Olinda.

Sab. She's horribly in Love with you.

Cel. Lord, who could love that walking Steeple; ſhe's ſo high, that every time ſhe ſings to me, I am looking up for the Bell that Tolls to Church———Ha! Give me my little fifth Rate that lies ſo ſnugg.——She, hang her, a Dutch built bottom; ſhe's ſo tall there's no boarding her. But we loſe time—Madam, let me Seal my Love upon your Mouth. [*Kiſs.*] Soft and ſweet, by Heaven! Sure you wear Roſe Leaves between your Lips.

Sab. Lord, Lord, what's the matter with me! My Breath grows ſo ſhort I can ſcarce ſpeak to you.

Cel. No matter, give me thy Lips again, and I'll ſpeak for thee.

Sab. You don't love me———

Cel. I warrant thee; ſit down by me, and Kiſs again— She warms faſter than *Pigmalion*'s Image [*Aſide*] [*Kiſs*]——— I marry, Sir, this was the original Uſe of Lips; Talking, Eating, and Drinking, came in by th'by ———

Sab. Nay, pray be Civil, will you be at Quiet?

Cel. What, wou'd you have me ſit ſtill and look upon you like a little puppy Dog, that's taught to beg with his fore Leg up?

Enter

Enter Florimel.

Flor. *Celadon* the Faithful! in good time, Sir———

Cel. In very good, *Florimel*; for Heaven's ſake help me quickly.

Flor. What's the matter?

Cel. Do you not ſee here's a poor Gentlewoman in a Swoon! (Swoon away!) I have been rubbing her this half Hour, and cannot bring her to her Senſes.

Flor. Alas! how came ſhe ſo?

Cel. Oh barbarous, do you ſtay to aſk Queſtions, run for Charity.

Flor. Help, help, alas poor Lady——— [*Exit.* Flor.

Sab. Is ſhe gone?

Cel. I thanks to my Wit that help'd me at a Pinch: I thank Heaven, I never pump'd for a Lye in my Life yet.

Sab. I am afraid you love her, *Celadon!*

Cel. Only as a civil Acquaintance, or ſo: But however, to avoid Slander, you had beſt be gone before ſhe comes again.

Sab. I can find a Tongue as well as ſhe———

Cel. I, but the Truth is, I'm a kind of a ſcandalous Perſon, and for you to be ſeen in my Company——— Stay in the Walks, by this Kiſs I'll be with you preſently. [*Exit.* Sab.

Enter Florimel *running*.

Flor. Help, help, I can find no Body.

Cel. 'Tis needleſs now, my Dear, ſhe's recovered and gone off, but ſo Wan and Weakly——

Flor. Umh! What was your Buſineſs here *Celadon?*

Cel. Charity, Charity, Chriſtian Charity; you ſaw I was labouring for Life with her.

Flor. But how came you hither? Not that I care—— But but only to be ſatisfy'd. [*Sings.*

Cel. You are jealous in my Conſcience.

Flor. Who, I jealous! then I wiſh this Sigh may be the laſt that ever I may draw——— [*Sighs.*

Cel. But why do you Sigh then?

Flor. Nothing but a Cold, I cannot fetch my Breath well—— But what will you ſay, if I wrote the Letter you had to try your Faith?

Cel. Hey day! This is juſt the Devil and the Sinner; you lay Snares for me, and then puniſh me for being taken; here's

trying a Man's Faith indeed: What, do you think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay, and you go to tantalize a Man——— 'Gad, I love upon the Square, I can endure no Tricks to be uſed to me. [Olinda *and* Sabina *at the Door peeping.*

Olin. Sab. Celadon, Celadon.

Flor. What Voices are thoſe?

Cel. Some Comrades of mine that call me to play—— Pox on 'em they'l ſpoil all— [*Aſide.*

Flor. Pray let's ſee 'em.

Cel. Hang 'em, Tatter-de-malions, they are not worth your ſight: Pray Gentlemen be gone, I'll be with you immediately.

Sab. No, we'll ſtay here for you.

Flor. Do your Gentlemen ſpeak with treble Voices. I'm reſolv'd to ſee what Company you keep.

Cel. Nay, good my Dear——— [*He lays hold of her, to pull her back; ſhe lays hold of* Olinda, *by whom* Sabina *holds; ſo that he pulling, they all come in.*

Flor. Are theſe your Comrades? (*Sings.*) *'Tis* Strephon, *calls, what would my Love?* Why do not you roar out like a great Baſs-Viol, *Come follow to the Myrtle Grove*— Pray, Sir, which of theſe fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the Courteſie; for it were unconſcionable to leave you to 'em both. What a Man's but a Man, you know.

Olind. The Gentleman may find an Owner.

Sab. Though not of you.

Flor. Pray agree whoſe the loſt Sheep is, and take him.

Cel. 'Slife they'll cry me anon, and tell my Marks.

Sab. Can Fleſh and Blood endure this.

Flor. How now, my *Amazon* in *decimo ſexto?*

Sab. Come away Sifter, we ſhall be jeer'd to Death elſe. [*Exeunt* Olinda *and* Sabina.

Flor. What do you look that Way for? You can't forbear leering after the forbidden Fruit—— But whene'er I take a Wencher's Word again———

Cel. A Wencher's Word; why ſhould you ſpeak ſo contemptibly of the better half of Mankind? I'll ſtand up for the Honour of my Vocation.

Flor. You are in no fault I warrant———

Cel.

Cel. Not to give a fair Lady the Lie, I am in fault;—— but otherwiſe——— Come let us be Friends, and let me wait upon you to your Lodgings.

Flor. This Impudence ſhall not ſave you from my Table-book. *Item,* A Month more for this Fault———

Cel. Pſhah! Pſhah! You ſhall ſee I will ſo be-labour you with Conſtancy, and Flames, and Darts, and blank Verſe, and ſoft Things, and all that, that before I part with you, I will reduce that unmerciful long Scroll in your Table-book, to within two Seconds of the critical Minute.

Flor. Say you ſo, Sir? I have a good mind to put you to a Proof of your Gallantry— What wou'd you ſay if I ſhould make you an Aſſignation at the Maſquerade to Night? But by the way, I have a mind to play deep there, and for fear I ſhould baulk my Fortune for want of a good Sum, you ſhall lend me two or three hundred Piſtoles.

Cel. Ah! dear Madam, this is the leaſt Proof you could have made of me. I have juſt that Sum in my ſtrong Box, and the Minute you meet me at the Maſquerade, they are poſitively at your Service— I'll bring 'em my ſelf—— But how ſhall I know you?

Flor. O! I'll ſhew you my Face— But you promiſe not to mention the Word Love to any Woman before I come.

Cel. Fie, Fie, Doubt my Conſtancy! You might as well ſuſpect my Honour.

Flor. Well, remember then I depend upon both— Adieu, I am in haſte.

Cel. One Minute will break no Squares, I'll warrant you.

Flor. No, no, no more, I ſhall give you a Surfeit of my Company.

Cel. A Surfeit! why you have but tantalized me all this while.

Flor. What wou'd you have?

Cel. An Hand, a Lip, or any Thing that you can ſpare; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit, you muſt give him ſome Employment, or he'll tear you to pieces.

Flor. Well, well, becauſe I won't diſcourage your Conſtancy— there, there's a Lock of my Hair ſet in Diamonds to help your Contemplation— Now not one word or ſtep farther, but take your Leave in dumb ſhew, and be gone.

Cel. Oh! [*Bowing, and affecting a Sigh.*

Flor. Oh Impertinent!

So have I ſeen, in Tragick Scenes, a Lover,
With dying Eyes his parting Pains diſcover,
While the ſoft Nymph looks back to view him far,
And ſpeaks her Anguiſh with her Handkercher:
Agen they turn, ſtill ogling as before,
Till each gets backward to the diſtant Door:
Then, when the laſt, laſt Look their Grief betrays,
The Act is ended, and the Muſick plays.

[Exeunt, mimicking this.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT. IV.

Enter Palamede, Rhodophil, *in Maſquerade, with Flambeaux before them.*

Pal. THIS Maſquerading, *Rhodophil*, is a moſt glorious Invention.

Rho. I believe it was invented firſt by ſome jealous Lover, to diſcover the Haunts of his jilting Miſtreſs, or by ſome diſtreſſed Servant, to get an Opportunity with another Man's Wife.

Pal. No, no, it muſt be the Invention of a Woman, there's ſo much Subtilty and Love in it.

Rho. Let the Invention be whoſe it will, I'm ſure 'tis extreamly pleaſant; for to go unknown is the next degree to going inviſible. [*Enter* Beliza.] *Beliza*, What makes you here?

Bel. Sir, My Lady ſent me after you, to let you know ſhe finds her ſelf a little indiſpos'd, ſo that ſhe cannot be at Court, but is retired to reſt in her own Apartment, where ſhe ſhall want the Happineſs of your dear Embraces to Night.

Rho. A very fine Phraſe, *Beliza*, to let me know my Wife deſires to lie alone.

Pal. I doubt, *Rhodophil*, you take the pains to inſtruct your Wife's Women in theſe Elegancies.

Rho. Tell my dear Lady, that ſince I muſt be ſo unhappy, as not to wait on her to Night, I will lament bitterly for her Abſence:

Abſence: 'Tis true I ſhall ſtay a little here at Court to Night, but without her I ſhall take no Divertiſement.

Bel. I ſhall do your Commands, Sir. [*Exit* Beliza.

Rho. She's ſick as aptly for my purpoſe, as if ſhe had contriv'd it ſo.

Pal. Sick! And lies alone! Then it's poſſible ſhe may have contriv'd it for my purpoſe: [*Mum.*

Rho. Well! If ever Woman was a Help-meet for a Man, my Spouſe is ſo; for within this Hour I receiv'd a Note from *Melantha*, that ſhe wou'd be here in Maſquerade in Boy's Habit, to rejoice with me before ſhe entred into Fetters, for I find ſhe loves me better than *Palamede*, only becauſe he's to be her Huſband: There's ſomething of Antipathy in the Word Marriage to the very Nature of Love: Marriage is the meer Ladle of Affection, that cools it, when 'tis never ſo fiercely boiling over.

Pal. Dear *Rhodophil*, I muſt beg your pardon, there's an occaſion fall'n out, which I had forgot: I can't be at the Maſquerade to Night.

Rho. Dear *Palamede*, I am ſorry we ſha'n't have one Courſe together at the Herd; but I find your Game lies ſingle: Good Fortune to you with your Miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Pal. So, he has wiſh'd me good Fortune with his Wife, there's no ſin in this then. Here's fair Leave given. Well, I muſt go viſit the Sick: I cannot reſiſt the Temptations of my Charity. O what a difference will ſhe find betwixt a dull reſty Husband, and the free Spirit of a Lover! He ſets out like a Carrier's Horſe, plodding on, becauſe he knows he muſt, with the Bells of Matrimony chiming ſo melancholy about his Neck, in pain till he's at his Journey's-end, and deſpairing to get thither. [*Claſhing of Swords.*] Hark! what Noiſe is that? Swords! nay then have with you—— [*Exit.*

Re-enter Pal. *with* Rhodophil, *and* Doralice *in Man's Habit.*

Rho. Friend, your Relief was very timely, otherwiſe I had been oppreſs'd.

Pal. What was the Quarrel?

Rho. What I did was in reſcue of this Youth.

Pal. What Cauſe could he give 'em?

Dor. The common Cauſe of fighting in Maſquerade; they were drunk, and I was ſober.

Rho. Have not they hurt you?

Dor. No, but I'm exceeding ill with the Fright on't.

Pal. Let's lead him to ſome place, where he may refreſh himſelf.

Rho. Do you conduct him then.

Pal. How croſs this happens to my Deſign of going to *Doralice!* for I'm confident ſhe was ſick on purpoſe that I ſhou'd viſit her. Hark you, *Rhodophil*, cou'd not you take care of this Stripling? I am partly engag'd to Night.

Rho. You know I have Buſineſs; but come, Youth, if it muſt be ſo———

Dor. No, good Sir, don't give your ſelf that trouble; I ſhall be ſafer, and better pleas'd with your Friend here.

Rho. Farewel then, once more I wiſh you a good Adventure.

Pal. Damn this Kindneſs, now muſt I be troubled with this young Rogue, and miſs my opportunity with *Doralice*.

[*Exit* Rho. *alone*, Pal. *with* Dor.

The Scene opens to the Maſquerade; Company of all ſorts, and ſome at play. Celadon *looking on.*

Cel. Let me ſee, I am to lend *Florimel* three hundred Piſtoles to Night; and if ſhe had preſs'd me for three hundred and two, I muſt poſitively have borrow'd a Couple to have made up the Sum: She was reſolv'd to leave me without a Croſs in my Pocket, I find; wiſely preſuming, that while I want Money for my *Menu-pleſieurs*, I ſhall the oftner come to her for Conſolation:—Suppoſe now I ſhould baulk her Deſign, and fairly venture one hundred of them to win a couple more to 'em—Stay—let me ſee,—I have the Box, and throw—A *Don* ſets me Ten Piſtoles, I nick him—Ten more—I ſweep them too———Now in all reaſon he is netled, and ſets me Twenty.—Um! Say you ſo, my little *Don* ſays I———Slap! I win them too. Now he kindles, and Butters me with Forty———they are all my own. In fine, he is vehement, and bleeds on to Fourſcore, or an Hundred: And I, not willing to tempt Fortune, come away a moderate Winner of about two Hundred Piſtoles——Ay! Ay, exactly the Sum I have occaſion for———Ha!

Enter Flavia *and* Florimel *in Maſquerade.*

I Gad, and here comes another thing, I have always occaſion for a fine Woman, by *Jupiter*.

Flor.

Flor. Do you think he won't know me?

Fla. Not if you keep your Deſign of paſſing for an *African.*

Flor. Well, now I ſhall make a fair Tryal of him: For I have a ſtrange mind to know if his Conſcience will let him be as great a Rogue to *Meliſſa*'s Daughters, as he has been to me.

Fla. I never doubt his Conſcience for any thing——See, he is making to the Bait already.

Cel. If your Wit and Face, Madam, comes up to what the reſt of your Perſon promiſes, there's one Heart gone aſtray to my Knowledge.

Flor. 'Tis true, Sir, I have been flatter'd in my own Country with the Reputation of a little Handſomeneſs; but how it will paſs in *Sicily*, is a Queſtion.

Cel. Why, Madam, are not you of *Sicily?*

Flor. No, Sir, of *Morocco*, I only came hither to ſee ſome of my Relations, who are ſettl'd here, and turn'd Chriſtians, ſince the Expulſion of my Countrymen the Moors.

Cel. Are you then a *Mahometan?*

Flor. A *Muſſulman* at your Service.

Cel. A *Muſſulwoman*, ſay you? I proteſt by your Voice I ſhould have taken you for a certain Chriſtian Lady of my Acquaintance.

Flor. It ſeems you are in Love then; if ſo, Sir, I have done with you: 'Twill be dangerous for a poor brown *African* to invade the Dominions of a *Sicilian* Complexion.

Cel. Pſhah! Some little liking I might have, but that was only a Morning-Dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sunſhine of your Beauty. I find your *African Cupid* is a much ſurer Archer, than ours of *Europe*——Yet—wou'd I cou'd ſee you——One Look would ſecure your Conqueſt.

Flor. No, no, I'll reſerve my Face to gratifie your Imagition with——But in earneſt, do you love me?

Cel. I, by Alha, do I moſt intolerably: You have Wit in abundance; by your Motion, I ſee you Dance to a Miracle; by your Voice, I'm ſure you Sing like an Angel; and if one were but to ſee your Face, I'll warrant it looks like a *Cherubim.*

Flor. But can you be conſtant upon occaſion?

Cel. Conſtant! Ay by *Mahomet.*

Flor. You ſwear like a *Turk*, Sir; but take heed, our Prophet is a ſevere Puniſher of Promiſe-breakers.

Cel.

Cel. Pſhah! Madam, your Prophet is a *Cavalier* I warrant, I honour him for the handſome Proviſion he has made for us Lovers in the other World, as black Eyes, young Limbs, and freſh Miſtreſſes every Day in the Week. Ah! go thy ways, little *Mahomet*, I'faith thou ſhalt always have my good word.

Flor. Hold, hold, Sir, we are a little too particular, all the Company are at play, you ſee; if you have a mind to venture your Money, I'll make one with you immediately—In the mean time, when you have an idle Thought to throw away, beſtow it on your Servant *Fatyma*.

Cel. This Lady *Fatyma* pleaſes me moſt infinitely.

Fla. Falſe, or true, Madam.

Flor. Falſe, as Water; but by Fire, Air, and Earth, I'll fit him for't. Have you the high Dice about you?

Fla. I have 'em.

Flor. By your leave, Sir, what's your Game?

Cel. Raffle, Madam——Come, ſet what you pleaſe, 'tis no matter what I loſe; the greateſt Stake, my Heart, is gone already.

Flor. There. [*She ſets, and he throws.*

Cel. So I have a good Chance, two Quaters and a Sice.

Flor. Two Sixes and a Trey wins it. [*Sweeps the Money.*

Cel. Very well, Madam—Come, I'll try my Fortune once again—What have I here? two Sixes and a Quater——Come, an Hundred Piſtols more upon that Throw.

Flor. I'm at you, Sir——*Flavia* the high Dice.

Fla. There.

Flor. Three Fives, I have won you, Sir.

Cel. Blood and Furies! it wou'd never have vex'd me to have loſt my Money to a *Chriſtian*, but to a *Pagan!* and *Infidel!*——

Fla. Come, Come, Madam, ev'n give over while you are a Winner.

Cel. I hope the Lady is not under the Curb of a Governneſs, Madam; you'll give her leave to do what ſhe pleaſes with her own, ſure.

Flor. Since you are ſo briſk, Sir; Come, there's your Hundred Piſtoles again, cover 'em, and I am at you.

Cel. Stay, Madam—I will cover you, tho' I'm ſtrip'd for't, give me the Box——Here——Freſh Dice.

Flor.

Flor. I'll throw with the old ones.

Cel. There, Madam——Juſt in, faith! Two Fives and an Ace.

Flor. Come on, Sir——Three Fours——it's mine.

Cel. Umh!——Loll! loll! de doll! What the Devil did I mean to play with this *Brunet* of *Africk*.

Fla. May the Lady have leave to go now, Sir?

Cel. If your Ladiſhip had never come hither, there wou'd have been no great loſs of your Company. Come, Madam, this Diamond Locket to Twenty Piſtoles.

Flor. Some Lady's Favour, I preſume, I am loth to win it.

Cel. Upon Honour, Madam, my own Hair, deſign'd only for an old Aunt that lives in the Country.

Flor. Nay then, Sir, if it be your own, I won't undervalue it—There's Thirty Piſtols againſt it: Have-at-it——Two Sixes and a Five—— I ſtand fair for't. [*He throws*] 'Tis mine, Sir.

Cel. Conſume and Grind the Souls of theſe Dice! Not One Stake in Five: The Devil—— if ever I touch Box again. Ah, Plague of your Jeſt. [Flavia *ſhakes the Box at him, and goes out Laughing with* Flor. A pretty Figure I ſhall make to *Florimel* by and by——Now will I ſteal into a Corner, and laugh at my ſelf moſt unmercifully: For my Condition is ſo ridiculous, that 'tis paſt curſing. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes into an Eating-Houſe, Bottles of Wine on the Table. Palamede *and* Doralice *in Man's Habit.*

Dor. Now cannot I find in my Heart to diſcover my ſelf, though I long he ſhould know me. [*Aſide.*

Pal. I tell thee, Boy, now I have ſeen thee ſafe, I muſt be gone: I have no leiſure to throw away on thy raw Converſation. I am a Perſon that underſtand better things, I—

Dor. Were I a Woman, Oh how you'd admire me! Cry up every word I ſaid, and ſcrue your Face into a ſubmiſſive Smile.

Pal. Ay, Boy, there's Dame Nature in the Caſe: He who cannot find Wit in a Miſtreſs, deſerves to find nothing elſe, Boy. But theſe are Riddles to thee, Child, and I have not leiſure

leiſure to inſtruct thee; I have Affairs to diſpatch, great Affairs, I am a Man of Buſineſs.

Dor. Come, you ſhall not go; you have no Affair but what you may diſpatch here, to my knowledge.

Pal. I now find thou art a Boy of more underſtanding than I thought thee; a very lewd wicked Boy.

Dor. You are miſtaken, Sir, I would only have you ſhew me a more lawful Reaſon why you would leave me, than I can why you ſhould not, and I'll not ſtay you; for I'm not ſo young but I underſtand the preſſing Occaſions of Mankind as well as you.

Pal. A very forward and underſtanding Boy! Thou art in great danger of a Page's Wit, to be briſk at Fourteen and dull at Twenty. But I'll give thee no farther Account, I muſt and will go.

Dor. My life on't, your Miſtreſs is not at Home.

Pal. This Imp will make me very angry. I tell thee, young Sir, ſhe's at Home, and at Home for me; and which is more, ſhe is a Bed for me, and Sick for me.

Dor. For you only?

Pal. Ay, for me only.

Dor. But how do you know ſhe's ſick a Bed?

Pal. She ſent her Huſband word ſo.

Dor. And are you ſuch a Novice in Love, to believe a Wife's Meſſage to her Huſband.

Pal. Why, what the Devil ſhou'd be her meaning elſe?

Dor. It may be, to go in Maſquerade as well as you; to obſerve your Haunts, and keep you Company without your knowledge.

Pal. Nay, I'll truſt her for that; ſhe loves me too well to diſguiſe her ſelf from me.

Dor. If I were ſhe, I wou'd diſguiſe my ſelf on purpoſe to try your Wit, and come to my Servant like a Riddle, read me and take.

Pal. I cou'd know her in any Shape; my good Genius would prompt me to find out a handſome Woman: There's ſomething in her that would attract me to her without my knowledge.

Dor.

Dor. Yet ſtill my Mind gives me, that you have met her diſguis'd to Night, and have not known her.

Pal. This is the moſt pragmatical, conceited, little Fellow, he will needs underſtand my Buſineſs better than my ſelf. I tell thee once more, thou doſt not know my Miſtreſs.

Dor. And I tell you once more, that I know her better than you do.

Pal. The Boy is reſolv'd to have the laſt Word. I find I muſt go without a Reply. [*Exit.*

Dor. Ah Miſchief, I have loſt him with my fooling. *Palamede, Palamede,* 'tis I, *Doralice.* [*He returns; ſhe plucks off her Peruke, and puts it on again when he knows her.*

Pal. O Heavens! Is it you, Madam?

Dor. Now, where was your good Genius, that would prompt you to find me out?

Pal. Why, you ſee I was not deceiv'd; you your ſelf were my good Genius.

Enter Rhodophil *and* Melantha, *in Boys Habit.* Rhodophil *ſees* Palamede *kiſſing* Doralice's *Hand.*

Rho. Palamede! Again am I fall'n into your Quarters? What? ingaging with a Boy?

Pal. I was juſt chaſtizing this young Villain; he was running away without paying his Share of the Reckoning.

Rho. Then I find I was deceiv'd in him.

Pal. Yes, you are deceiv'd in him: 'Tis the archeſt Rogue, if you did but know him.

Mel. Good *Rhodophil,* let's go off *A-la-derobbée,* for fear I ſhould be diſcover'd.

Rho. There's no retiring now, I warrant you for Diſcovery: Now have I the oddeſt Thought to entertain you before your Servant's Face, and he never the wiſer; 'twill be the prettieſt jugling Trick to cheat him when he looks upon us.

Mel. This is the ſtrangeſt Caprice in you.

Pal. (*To* Doralice) this *Rhodophil*'s the unluckieſt Fellow to me! This is now the ſecond time he has barr'd the Dice, when we were juſt ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the Box again———

Dor. Do you think he will know me? Am I like my ſelf?

Pal. No more than a Picture in the Hangings.

Dor. Nay, then he can never diſcover me, now the wrong ſide of the Arras is turn'd towards him.

Pal. At leaſt, 'twill be ſome Pleaſure to me to enjoy what Freedom I can, while he looks on; I will Storm the Outworks of Matrimony even before his Face.

Rho. What Wine have you there, *Palamede!*

Pal. Old *Chios*, or the Rogue's damn'd that drew it.

Rho. Come to the moſt conſtant of Miſtreſſes; that I believe is yours, *Palamede.*

Dor. Pray ſpare your Seconds; for my part I am but a weak Brother.

Pal. Now to the trueſt of Turtles; that is, your Wife, *Rhodophil*, that lies Sick at Home in the Bed of Honour.

Rho. Now let's have one common Health, and ſo have done.

Dor. Then, for once, I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the faireſt Lady of *Sicily* in Maſquerade to Night.

Pal. This is ſuch an obliging Health, I'll Kiſs thee, dear Rogue, for thy Invention. [*Kiſſes her.*

Rho. He who has this Lady, is a happy Man, without Diſpute. [*Kiſſes her.*] ——— I'm the moſt concern'd in this I am ſure. [*Aſide.*

Pal. Was it not well found out, *Rhodophil?*

Mel. Ay, this was *bien Trouvè* indeed.

Dor. (*To* Melantha) I ſuppoſe I ſhall do you a Kindneſs, to inquire if you have been in *France*, Sir?

Mel. To do you Service, Sir.

Dor. O, *Monſieur, vot valet bien Humble.* [*Saluting her.*

Mel. Et otré aſclaue, Monſieur, de tout Mon Cœur. [*Returning the Salute.*

Dor. I ſuppoſe, ſweet Sir, you are the Hope and Joy of ſome thriving Citizen, who has pinch'd himſelf at Home, to breed you Abroad, where you have learn'd your Exerciſes, as it appears moſt awkardly, and are return'd, with the addition of a new lac'd Coat, and a long Wig to your good old Father, who looks at you with his Mouth, while you ſpout *French* with you *Mon Monſieur.*

Pal. Let me Kiſs thee again for that, dear Rogue.

Mel. And you, I imagine, are my young Maſter, whom your Mother durſt not truſt upon Salt Water, but left you to be your own Tutor at Fourteen; to be very briſk and *Entreprenant*;

prevaunt; to endeavour to be debauch'd e're you had learnt the Knack on't; to value your ſelf upon an Intrigue before you get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Miſtreſs.

Rho. (*Embracing* Mel.) Oh dear young Bully, thou haſt tickel'd him with a *Reperteé*, I Faith.

Mel. You are one of thoſe that applaud our Country Plays, where Drums, and Trumpets, and Blood, and Wounds, are Wit.

Rho. Again, my Boy! Let me Kiſs thee moſt abundantly.

Dor. You are an admirer of the dull *French* Poetry, which is ſo thin, that the very leaf Gold of Wit, the very Wafers and whipp'd Cream of Senſe, for which a Man opens his Mouth, and gapes to ſwallow nothing: And to be an admirer of ſuch profound Dullneſs, one muſt be endow'd with a great Perfection of Impudence and Ignorance.

Pal. Let me embrace thee moſt vehemently.

Mel. I'll ſacrifice my Life for *French* Poetry. [*Advancing.*

Dor. I'll die upon the Spot for our Country Wit.

Rho. (*To* Melantha) hold, hold, young *Mars*. *Palamede*, draw back your Hero.

Pal. 'Tis time; I ſhall be drawn in for a Second elſe, at the wrong Weapon.

Mel. Oh, that I were a Man for thy ſake!

Dor. You'll be a Man as ſoon as I ſhall.

Enter a Meſſenger to Rhodophil.

Meſſ. Sir, the King has inſtant Buſineſs with you. I ſaw the Guard drawn up by your Lieutenant, before the Palace Gate, ready to March.

Rho. 'Tis ſomewhat ſudden; ſay that I am coming [*Exit Meſſenger.*] Now *Palamede*, what think you of this Sport? This is ſome ſudden Tumult, will you along?

Pal. Yes, yes, I will go; but the Devil take me if ever I was leſs in Humour. Why, the Pox, could they not have ſtaid their Tumult till to Morrow? Then I had done my Buſineſs, and been ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little tranſitory Crime to have committed firſt; and I am the worſt Man in the World at repenting, till a Sin be throughly done: But what ſhall we do with the two Boys?

Rho. Let 'em take a Lodging in the Houſe, till the Buſineſs be over.

Dor. What lie with a Boy? For my part, I own it, I cannot endure to lie with a Boy.

Pal. The more's my Sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better Bed-fellow.

Mel. Let me die, if I enter into a pair of Sheets with him that hates the *French*. [*Exit.*

Dor. Piſh, take no care for us, but leave us in the Streets; I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my Lodging as well as any drunken Bully of 'em all. [*Exit.*

Rho. I'll fight in mere revenge, and wreak my Paſſion, [Aſide.
On all that ſpoil this hopeful Aſſignation.

Pal. I'm ſure we fight in a good Quarrel.
Rogues may pretend Religion and the Laws,
But a kind Miſtreſs is the good old Cauſe. [Exeunt.

The Scene changes again to the Maſquerade; Celadon *looking on at the Gaming-Table.*

Cel. What Witchcraft made me put it into Fortune's Power to jilt me thus; not only to loſe my Money, but, in all probability, my Miſtreſs along with it! Well! I foreſee what it will come to— ſhe'll quarrel with me upon't, I ſuppoſe— ſo that I have nothing to do but to ſet a good Face upon the matter, and e'en begin with her firſt—— Here ſhe comes Faith, and Mrs. *Nimble-Tongue*, my evil Genius along with her! *Jaſper*, come hither, (*Whiſpers his Man.*)—— that's all.

Jaſ. I'll endeavour, Sir.

Enter Florimel *and* Flavia *unmask'd.*

Flor. So Sir! I'm as good as my Word you ſee.

Cel. I am ſorry you came ſo late, Madam, for the Company's broke up you ſee. Am I to wait upon you home, or will you be ſo kind to take a hard Lodging with me to Night?

Flor. No Sir, you ſhall have the Honour, if you pleaſe, to ſee me to my own Lodgings.

Cel. No more Words then, but let's away to prevent diſcovery.

Fla. Dear Sir! You're in mighty haſte to be rid of the Lady, methinks.

Cel. O Fie! Madam, but if the Lady ſhou'd want ſleep, you

you know, 'twou'd ſpoil the Luſtre of her Eyes to morrow, and then Ten to One but ſhe loſes half a dozen Conqueſts by it.

Flor. No, no, Sir, I am a peaceable Princeſs, and content with my own, I mean your Heart and Purſe: For the Truth is, I have loſt my Money in Maſquerade to Night, and I am come to claim your Promiſe of ſupplying me.

Cel. Madam, you make me entirely happy in your Commands; to morrow Morning my Servant ſhall wait upon you with Three hundred Piſtoles.

Flor. But I left my Company with promiſe to return to play.

Cel. Pſhah! Play upon Tick, and loſe the *Indies*, I'll diſcharge it all to morrow.

Flor. No, no, to Night, if you'll oblige me.

Cel. Jaſper, go and bring me Three hundred Piſtoles immediately.

Jaſ. Sir——— (*Staring.*)

Cel. Do you expoſtulate, you Raſcal? How he ſtares! Why you impudent Rogue you have not been diverting your ſelf with the Inſide of my ſtrong Box, have you? I'll be hang'd if this Villain has not loſt all my Gold at play: If you have, confeſs it immediately Sirrah; and then perhaps I'll pardon you: But if you offer to ſtand in a Lie, Dog I'll have no Mercy on you. Come, did you loſe it?

Jaſ. Sir, 'tis not for me to diſpute with you——— As to the Gold, Sir— I— confeſs— I— I———

Cel. O do you ſo, Sir? Do you hear me, Madam, this impudent Rogue confeſſes he has loſt it.

Flor. Ay, as ſure as e'er he had it, I dare ſwear for him: But commend me to you for a kind Maſter, that can let your Servant play off Three hundred Piſtoles, without the leaſt Sign of Anger to him.

Fla. 'Tis a ſign he has a greater Bank in ſtore upon occaſion.

Cel. Well, Madam, I muſt confeſs, I have more by me than I will ſpeak of at this time: But till you have given me ſatisfaction———

Flor. You ſatisfaction, what for my being diſappointed of your Promiſe.

Cel. Don't tell me of a Promiſe, Madam, my Promiſe was made upon a Suppoſition, that your Conduct would deſerve it; but ſince I ſee, Madam, how little regard you have to your Reputation and your Money, and all that, Madam—

Flor. What do you mean?

Cel. Mean! What you have done nothing to make a Man jealous I warrant: Going out a Gaming in Maſquerade at unreaſonable Hours, and loſing your Money at play is no fault with you, I ſuppoſe? What do I mean? Have not you been Gaming, Madam, and extravagantly loſt your Money? Your Money, Madam, Death! that Loſsabove all provokes me.

Fla. I believe you, becauſe ſhe comes to you for more.

Flor. Is this the mighty Quarrel then? But ſuppoſe, Sir, I am able to clear my ſelf.

Cel. I won't ſuppoſe any ſuch thing, Madam, I know it all impoſſible, there's no Excuſe in Nature can be found for it: I'll ſtop my Ears if you but offer it.

Flor. You'll hear me ſure.

Cel. To do this in the Beginning of an Amour, and to a jealous Servant as I am: Had I all the Wealth of *Peru*, after ſuch an Extravagance, I wou'd not part with a ſingle *Maravedis* to you.

Flor. To this I anſwer———

Cel. Anſwer nothing at all, Madam, for it will but inflame the Quarrel between us: I muſt come to my ſelf by little and little, and when I am ready for ſatisfaction; if you can think of any that's proper for an injured Lover to take, I'll then perhaps conſult my Honour, whether I ſhall receive it or no.

Flor. Pſhah! Pſhah! this Anger's all affected, a meer Pretence to ſham me off of the Promiſe you made.

Cel. Very fine, Sham you, Madam!

Flor. Sir, you'll find I know you at laſt.

Cel. And you'll find, Madam, that I know you, and ſo well too, that my poor Heart akes for't: I knew by your ſtaying ſo long you had loſt your Money; and therefore I once had it in my Mind to go home to Bed without ſpeaking to you: But ſince I knew you'd certainly come to borrow more of me, I was reſolv'd to ſtay and———

Flor.

Flor. And let me have it, that will be kind indeed.

Cel. No, no, Madam, to reproach you, to declare my Grievances, which are great and many.

Fla. What Money he may have about him I can't tell, but I'm ſure he does not want for Impudence.

Cel. And therefore I muſt tell you, Madam———

Flor. I'll hear of nothing but the Money.

Fla. Ay, ſtick to that, Madam.

Cel. Do you think me a Perſon to be us'd ſo?—

Flor. Look you, Sir, I won't quarrel with you: Where's the Money?

Cel. By your favour, Madam, we will quarrel.

Flor. Money, Money.

Cel. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Flor. Money, Money, Money, Money.

Cel. I thank my Stars, I never was ſo barbarouſly uſed in all my Life.

Flor. Then you are reſolv'd to ſtand it out I ſee?

Cel. Madam, I have Senſe enough to know when I'm affronted.

Flor. And intend to puſh this Quarrel to an Extremity?

Cel. I ſhall venture to carry it up to the Provocation, Madam.

Flor. Very well, Sir, and becauſe your Reſentment ſha'n't want a freſh occaſion to ſupport it, know then I have loſt no Money to Night, and only pretended that I had, to make a Tryal of your Generoſity, (*Toſſes a Purſe.*) And now, Sir, I preſume the Quarrel lies a little of my Side, ſo that as ſoon as you pleaſe, Sir, that extraordinary Treaſure, your Heart, is again at your own diſpoſal.

Cel. O, Madam! the leaſt I can do, in return, is to let go the little ſlippery hold I had of your Ladyſhip's: And becauſe you ſha'n't ſay I keep any Thing that belongs to you, Madam, take back your Picture and your Handkerchief.

Flor. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal Promiſes, take 'em in Imagination.

Cel. Not to be behind hand with you in Airs, Madam—— Here I give you back your Locket of Diamonds: Take you that in Imagination—

Flor. No, Sir, I happen'd to have ſecur'd that in reality ever

ever ſince your Imagination loſt it to the Lady *Fatyma*. [*Shows the Locket.*

Cel. Oh! the Devil, if the Lady *Fatyma* be turn'd Chriſtian again, I am routed to all Intents and Purpoſes.

Flor. By Alha! and ſo you are, Sir: By *Mahomet* you are, and to let you ſee I ſcorn to keep any of your Heathen-Offerings, There, there's your odious Money again; take it back with your Oaths and Proteſtations, they're never the worſe for wearing, I aſſure you: Therefore take 'em ſpick and ſpan, as they are for the uſe of your new *Seraglio*.

Fla. Now come away in Triumph, Madam, the Day's your own.

Flor. Let him go firſt, I'll ſtay and keep the Honour of the Field.

Cel. I ſhall not part with that, Madam; I'll not retreat, if you ſtay till Midnight.

Fla. So, ſo; here's like to be more Blows, I find: But I'll ev'n leave 'em to fight out their Weapons by themſelves. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit.*

[Florimel *and* Celadon *walk careleſly by one another, Humming a ſeveral Tune*——

Cel. Well, to ſee how Ridiculous a thing Paſſion is! How like a Fool a Man looks, when he has quarell'd with the Woman he would give one of his Eyes to be reconcil'd to.

Flor. And a Lover that expects his Miſtreſs ſhou'd be reconcil'd to him without his making the firſt Motion, muſt certainly have a ſtrong proof of his Ignorance.

Cel. Then (as I have often ſaid) for a Woman to lay Snares for a Man, and puniſh him for being taken——To have no regard to the Frailties of Humane Nature. Well! Nay, for a Man to be inclin'd to aſk her Pardon; and ſhe to be ſo unmerciful, as not by one ſingle Look, or Word, to encourage his Penitence.

Flor. Well, If ever I engage with another Servant, I fancy I ſhall have more Wit, than to tempt him in a Diſguiſe again: For 'tis certainly as direct a Folly, as to throw a *Venice-Glaſs* to the Ground to try if it won'd not break: And to part with him upon't, is Superlatively Ridiculous.

Cel. Madam, if it were not to pleaſe ſome People: I don't ſee any ſuch great Neceſſity of ſome People's parting.

Flor.

Flor. I proteſt, I fancy ſome People often do it, only becauſe perhaps they imagine other People have a mind to it.

Cel. And ſuppoſe a Man were directly to aſk ſome Womens Pardon, ten to one they'd have Stomach enough to refuſe it.

Flor. A modeſt Lover may be refus'd any thing: But there is a certain grateleſs Aſſurance in ſome Men, that ſome Rattlebrain'd Women are ſtrangely bewitch'd to.

Cel. Come! come! ſince it muſt out then——I do confeſs—that I fancy you think that I have been in the wrong: Not but at the ſame time you muſt own, that the worſt you can ſay of me is, that you cou'd not put your ſelf into any ſhape that I did not like you in——In ſhort,

Tho' moſt of my Crime is, I've lov'd you thrice over,
From whence you this Uſe and Advantage diſcover,
When you're a new Miſtreſs, I'm as oft a freſh Lover.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE *the Walks.*

Enter Palamede, Stratton. Pal. *with a Letter in his Hand.*

Pal. THis Evening, ſay'ſt thou? Will they be both here?

Stra. Yes, Sir; both my old Maſter, and your Miſtreſs's Father: The old Gentlemen rid hard this Journey; they ſay it ſhall be the laſt time they will ſee the Town; and both of them are ſo pleas'd with this Marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am affraid they will live ſome Years longer to trouble you with the Joy of it.

Pal. But this is ſuch an unreaſonable thing, to impoſe upon me to be marry'd to morrow; 'tis hurrying a Man to Execution, without giving him time to ſay his Prayers. Go now and provide your Maſter's Lodgings.

Stra. I go, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pal. It vexes me to the Heart, to leave all my Deſigns with

Doralice unfiniſh'd; to have flown her ſo often to a Mark, and ſtill to be bob'd at Retrieve: If I had but once enjoy'd her———

Enter Doralice.

Dor. Who's that you are ſo mad to enjoy *Palamede?*

Pal. You may eaſily imagine that ſweet *Doralice?*

Dor. More eaſily than you think I can: I met juſt now with a certain Man, who came to you with Letters, from a certain old Gentleman eclip'd your Father; whereby I am given to underſtand, that to morrow you are to take an Oath in the Church to be Grave henceforward, to go Ill-dreſs'd and Slovenly, to get Heirs for your Eſtate, and to dandle 'em for your Diverſion; and in ſhort, that Love and Courtſhip are to be no more.

Pal. Now have I ſo much Shame, to be thus apprehended in the manner, that I can neither ſpeak, nor look upon you: I have abundance of Grace in me, that I find: But if you have any Spark of true Friendſhip in you, retire a little with me; and beſtow your Charity upon a poor Dying Man. A little Comfort from a Miſtreſs, before a Man is going to give himſelf into Marriage, is as good as a luſty Doſe of ſtrong Water to a dying Malefactor; it takes away the Senſe of Hanging from him.

Dor. No, good *Palamede*, I muſt not be ſo Injurious to your Bride: 'Tis ill drawing from the Bank to Day, when all your ready Money is payable to Morrow.

Pal. A Wife is only to have the ripe Fruit that falls of it ſelf.

Dor. But a Wife for the firſt Quarter is a Miſtreſs.

Pal. but when the ſecond comes.

Dor. When it does come, you are ſo given to variety, that you would make a Wife of me in another Quarter.

Pal. No, never, except I were marry'd to you: Marry'd People can never oblige one another; for all they do is Duty, and conſequently there can be no Thanks: But Love is more Frank and Generous, than he is Honeſt; he's a liberal Giver, but a curſed Paymaſter.

Dor. I declare I will have no Gallant; but if I wou'd, he ſhould never be a marry'd Man: A marry'd Man is but a Miſtreſs's half Servant; for a Lover to come to me that ſmells o'th' Wife!

o'th' Wife! S'life, I wou'd as ſoon wear her old Gown after her, as her Huſband.

Pal. Am I then to be diſcarded for ever? Pray do but mark how terrible that Word ſounds. For ever! Oh *Doralice.*

Dor. Come, come, *Palamede*, we have drawn off already as much of our Love as would run clear; after Poſſeſſing, the reſt is but Jealouſies, and Diſquiets, and Quarrelling, and Peicing.

Pal. Nay, after one great Quarrel, there's never any ſound Piecing; the Love is apt to break in the ſame place again.

Dor. I declare I would never renew an old Love; that's like him, who trims an old Coach for ten Years together, when he might buy a new one cheaper.

Pal. Well, Madam, I am convinc'd that 'tis beſt for us not to have gone any farther, but Gad the ſtrongeſt Reaſon is, becauſe I ca'not help it.

Dor. The only way to keep us new to one another, is never to go any farther; as they keep Grapes by hanging them upon a Line, they muſt touch nothing if you would preſerve 'em freſh.

Pal. But then they wither, and grow dry in the very keeping: However, I ſhall have a Warmth for you, and an Eagerneſs every time I ſee you; and if I chance to out live *Melantha*———

Dor. And if I chance to out-live *Rhodophil* ———

Pal. Well, I'll cheriſh my Body as well as I can upon that hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the Wife of my Boſom; but to kill her Civilly, by the way of Kindneſs, I'll put as far as another Man: I'll begin to morrow Night, and be very wrathful with her, that's reſolv'd on.

Dor. Well, *Palamede*, here's my Hand, I'll venture to be your ſecond Wife, for all your threatnings.

Pal. In the mean time I'll watch you hourly, as I would the ripeneſs of a Melon, and I hope you'l give me leave now and then, to look on you, and ſee if you are not ready to be cut yet.

Dor. No, no, that muſt not be, *Palamede*, for fear the Gard'ner ſhould come and catch you a taking up the Glaſs.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. (*Aſide*) Billing ſo ſweetly, now I am confirm'd in my ſuſpicions: I muſt put an end to this, e're it go far-

ther. [*Aside.*] (*To* Doralice) Cry your Mercy, Spouſe, I fear I have interrupted your Recreations.

Dor. What Recreations?

Rho. Nay, no excuſes, good Spouſe, I ſaw a fair Hand convey'd to Lip, and preſt, as though you had been ſqueezing ſoft Wax together for an Indenture. *Palamede*, you and I muſt clear this Reckoning; why wou'd you have ſeduc'd my Wife.

Pal. Why wou'd you have debauch'd my Miſtreſs.

Rho. What do you think of that civil Couple, that play'd at a Game call'd *Hide and Seek*, laſt Evening in the Grotto?

Pal. What do you think of that innocent Pair, who made it their Pretence to ſeek for others, but came indeed to hide themſelves there?

Rho. All things conſider'd, I begin vehemently to ſuſpect, that the young Gentleman I found in your Company laſt Night, was a certain Youth of my Acquaintance.

Pal. And I have an odd Imagination, that you never could have ſuſpected my ſmall Gallant, if your little villanous *French* Man had not been a falſe Brother.

Rho. Farther Arguments are needleſs: Draw off; I ſhall ſpeak to you now by the way of *Bilbo.* [*Claps his Hand to his Sword.*

Pal. And I ſhall anſwer you by the way of *Dangerfield.* [*Claps his Hand on his.*

Dor. Hold, hold, are not you two a Couple of mad fighting Fools, to cut one another's Throats for nothing?

Pal. How for nothing? He courts the Woman I muſt marry.

Rho. And he courts you, whom I have marry'd.

Dor. But you can neither of you be Jealous of what you love not.

Rho. Faith I am jealous, and that makes me partly ſuſpect I love you better than I thought.

Dor. Piſh! a meer jealouſie of Honour.

Rho. Gad, I am afraid there's ſomething elſe in't; for *Palamede* has Wit; and if he loves you, there's ſomething more in you than I have found; ſome rich Mine for ought I know, that I have not yet diſcover'd.

Pal.

Pal. 'Slife, what's this? Here's an Argument for me to love *Melantha*; for he has lov'd her, and he has Wit too, and, for ought I know, there may be a Mine in her too; but if there be, I am reſolv'd I'll dig for't.

Dor. (*To* Rodophil) Then I have found my Account in raiſing your Jealouſie: O! 'tis the moſt delicate ſharp Sauce to a cloy'd Stomach; it will give you a new Edge, *Rhodophil.*

Rho. And a new Point too, *Doralice*, if I cou'd be ſure thou art Honeſt.

Dor. If you are Wiſe, believe me for your own ſake; Love and Religion have but one thing to truſt too; that's a ſound Faith. Conſider, if I have play'd falſe, you can never find it out by any Experiment you can make upon me.

Pal. Rhodophil, you know me too well, to imagine I ſpeak for fear; and therefore, in conſideration of our paſt Friendſhip, I will tell you, and bind it by all things Holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

Rho. Friend, I believe you, and Vow the ſame for your *Melantha*; but the Devil on't is, How ſhall we keep 'em ſo?

Pal. What doſt think of a bleſſed Community betwixt us Four, for the Solace of the Women, and Relief of the Men? Methinks it would be a pleaſant kind of Life; Wife and Huſband for the ſtanding Diſh, and Miſtreſs and Gallant for the Deſert.

Rho. Then, I think, *Palamede*, we had as good make a firm League, not to invade each others Property.

Pal. Content, I ſay, from henceforth let all Acts of Hoſtility ceaſe betwixt us; and that in the uſual Form of Treaties, as well by Sea as by Land, and in all freſh Waters.

Dor. I will add one Proviſo, That whoſoever breaks the League, either with War Abroad, or by Neglect at Home, both the Women ſhall revenge themſelves by the help of the other Party.

Rho. That's but reaſonable. Come away, *Doralice*, I have a great Temptation to be ſealing Articles.

Pal. Haſt thou ſo? Nay then, [*Claps him on the Shoulder.*] fall on *Madcuff*. And curs'd be he that firſt cries, Hold, enough. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Florimel *in Man's Habit.*

Flor. So! I Gad, I think I am a very pretty Fellow! 'Twill be rare now to out-do this mad *Celadon* in all his Tricks, and get both his Miſtreſſes from him; then I ſhall Revenge my ſelf upon all Three, and ſave my own Stake into the Bargain; for I find I do love the Rogue in ſpight of all his Infidelities. Yonder they are, and this way they muſt come——— If Cloaths, Noiſe, Nonſenſe, and a pert Air will carry them, I'll puſh as fair for their Favours as the briſkeſt Beau of 'em all.

Enter to her Celadon, Olinda, Sabina.

Olin. Never mince the Matter!

Sab. You have left your Heart behind with *Florimel*; we know it.

Cel. You know you Wrong me; when I am with *Florimel* 'tis ſtill your Priſoner, it only draws a longer Chain after it.

Flor. Is it e'en ſo! then farewel, poor *Florimel*. [*Aſide.*

Cel. But let's leave the Diſcourſe; 'tis all Digreſſion that does not ſpeak of your Beauties———

Flor. Now for me in the Name of Impudence!——[*Walks with them.*] They are the greateſt Beauties, I confeſs, that ever I beheld———

Cel. How now, what's the meaning of this young Fellow?

Flor. And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman, who has the Honour to be known to you, ſhou'd admire you——ſince I that am a Stranger———

Cel. And a very impudent one, as I take it, Sir———

Flor. Am ſo extremely ſurpriz'd, that I admire, love, am wounded, and dying in a moment.

Cel. I have ſeen him ſome where, but where I know not; prithee, my Friend, leave us; doſt thou think we do not know our Way in Court?

Flor. I don't pretend to inſtruct you in your Way, for you ſee I do not go before you; but you cannot poſſibly deny me the Happineſs to wait upon theſe Ladies; me, who———

Cel. Thee, who ſhalt be beaten moſt unmercifully, if thou doſt follow them.

Flor. You will not draw ſo near Court, I hope?

Cel. Pox on him, an impertinent Puppy, I don't know what to do with him: Let's walk away faſter, and be rid of him—

Flor.

Flor. O, take no care for me, Sir, you ſhall not loſe me, I'll rather mend my Pace, than not wait on you———

Olin. I begin to like this Fellow———

Cel. You make very bold here in my Seraglio, and I ſhall find a Time to tell you ſo, Sir.

Flor. When you find a Time to tell me on't, I ſhall find a Time to anſwer you: But, pray what do you find in your ſelf ſo extraordinary, that you ſhould ſerve theſe Ladies better than I; let me know what 'tis you value your ſelf upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

Cel. I am ſomewhat more a Man than you.

Flor. That is, you are ſo much older than I: Do you like a Man ever the better for his Age, Ladies?

Sab. Well ſaid young Gentleman.

Cel. Piſh, thee! A young raw Creature, thou haſt ne'er been under the Barber's Hands yet.

Flor. No, nor under the Barber-Surgeon's yet, as you have been.

Cel. 'Slife, what wouldſt thou be at; I am madder than thou art.

Flor. The Devil you are: I'll Tope with you; I'll Sing with you; I'll Dance with you;— I'll ſwagger with you.—

Cel. I'll Fight with you.

Flor. Out upon Fighting; 'tis grown ſo common a Faſhion, that a modiſh Man contemns it; a Man of Garniture and Feather is above the Diſpenſation of the Sword: What's your Opinion, Ladies.

Olin. O, Sir, no young Creature can endure a Man that's Quarrelſome.

Sab. This is the rareſt Gentleman, I could live and die with him———

Olin. You and I are merry, and juſt of an Humour, Sir, therefore we two ſhould love one another.

Sab. And you and I are juſt of an Age, Sir, and therefore, methinks, we ſhould not hate one another.

Cel. Then, I perceive, Ladies, I am a Caſtaway, a Reprobate with you: Why Faith this is hard Luck now, that I ſhould be no leſs than one whole Hour in getting your Affections, and now muſt loſe 'em in a quarter of it.

Olin.

Olin. No matter, let him rail: Does the loſs afflict you, Sir?

Cel. No in Faith does it not; for if you had not forſaken me, I had you; ſo the Willows may flouriſh, for any Branches I ſhall rob them of.

Sab. However, we have the Advantage to have left you; not you us.

Cel. That's only a certain Nimbleneſs in Nature you Women have, to be firſt inconſtant; but if you had not made the more haſte, the Wind was veering too upon my Weather-cock; the beſt on't is, *Florimel is* worth both of you.

Flor. 'Tis like ſhe'll accept of their Leavings.

Cel. She will accept on't, and ſhe ſhall accept on't; I think I know more of her Mind than you, Sir.

Enter Meliſſa.

Mel. Daughters, there's a poor Collation within that waits for you.

Flor. will you walk, muſty Sir?

Cel. No, merry Sir, I wo'not, I have ſurfeited of that old Woman's Face already.

Flor. Begin ſome Frolick then; what will you do for her?

Cel. Faith I am no Dog, to ſhow Tricks for her; I cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

Flor. Dare you kiſs her?

Cel. I never was dar'd by any Man——— By your leave, old Madam——— Now, Sir, here's *Florimel*'s Health to you——— [*Kiſſes her.*

Mel. Away, Sir, a ſweet young Man as you are to abuſe the Gift of Nature ſo

Cel. Good Mother do not commend me ſo; I am Fleſh and Blood, and you do not know what you may pluck upon that reverend Perſon of yours——— Come on, follow your Leader.

Flor. Stand fair Mother———

Cel. What, with your Hat on?— Lie thou there— [*He*

Flor. And thou too——— [*plucks off her Hat, and ſhe her Peruke, and diſcovers her ſelf.*

Omnes. Florimel!

Flor. My kind Miſtreſſes, how ſorry I am, I can do you no further ſervice: I think I had beſt reſign you to *Celadon*, to make amends for me.

Cel.

Cel. Lord what a Misfortune it was that the Gentleman could not hold forth to you.

Olin. We have loſt *Celadon* too.

Mel. Come away; this is paſt enduring. [*Exeunt* Meliſſa *and* Olinda.

Sab. Well! if ever I believe a Man to be a Man for the ſake of Peruke and Feather again———

Flor. Come *Celadon*, ſhall we make Accounts even. Lord! what a hanging Look was there; indeed if you had been Recreant to your Miſtreſs, or had forſworn your Love, that Sinner's Face had been but decent; but for the Vertuous, the Innocent, the Conſtant *Celadon!*———

Cel. This is not very Heroick in you now, to inſult over a Man in his Misfortunes; but take heed, you have robb'd me of my two Miſtreſſes; I ſhall grow deſperately Conſtant, and all the Tempeſt of my Love will fall upon your Head, I ſhall ſo pay you.

Flor. Who you pay me? You are a Bankrupt, caſt beyond all poſſibility of recovery.

Cel. If I am a Bankrupt, I'll be a very honeſt one; when I cannot pay my Debts, at leaſt I'll give you up the poſſeſſion of my Body.

Flor. No I'll deal better with you; ſince you are unable to pay, I'll give in your Bond.

Cel. Faith that's ſo generouſly ſaid, that the leaſt I can do now, is to pay it off like a Man of Honour, both Principal and Intereſt

Flo. How do you mean?

Cel. Why ſince I ſee nothing but ready Love will ſatisfie you, I'll e'en make up your Accounts, and marry you.

Flor. Which is as much as to ſay, if I'll forgive you the Debt, you'll pay me.

Cel. Pſhah, pſhah, the Funds of this Conſtitution are better able to pay than you imagine— Come, come, I'll put you into an handſome Penſion, make you my Wife, that is ſole Teller of my Exchequer, and then you may pay your ſelf.

Flor. Well for aſſurance———

Cel. Look you, Madam, no Airs, for by thoſe Breeches—

Flor. Which I, when ever I do marry, I am reſolved to wear, till all the World calls me *Florimel the Wilful.*

Enter Doralice. Rhodophil, Palamede *and* Flavia.

Dor. Florimel.

Flor. Nay, now I ſhall have no mercy.

Pal. Dear *Celadon*, I give you Joy, for I perceive by the Lady's Breeches you are marry'd.

Flor. So, ſo, *Flavia* has given them all their Leſſons, I find. Remember this— [*Aſide to* Flavia.

Fla. Come, come, Madam, never mince the matter, for to tell you the Truth, I knew your Inclinations, and becauſe I was willing to give you a handſome pretence to follow 'em too, I have brought down all your Friends upon you, to ſpeak a good Word for a poor modeſt Gentleman, that, I know, has not Aſſurance enough to do it for himſelf: And, now Sir, I ſuppoſe your Quarrel and mine's at an end—— [*To* Celadon.

Cel. I am extremely oblig'd to your good Intentions, Madam, and if you pleaſe to add one more Favour to 'em, I ſhall confeſs my ſelf your humble Servant as long as I live.

Fla. To my poor Power, Sir, you may command me.

Cel. Only that you would be pleas'd, Madam, to uſe your Intereſt with the good Company, that they would engage *Florimel* never to be Friends with me.

Flor. O, dear Sir, I grant that without your making any Intereſt for't; but pray how come you to be afraid on't.

Cel. Becauſe I am ſure as ſoon as ever you are, you'll marry me.

Flor. Do you fear it?

Cel. No, 'twill come with a Fear.

Flor. If you think ſo, I will not ſtick with you for an Oath.

Cel. I require no Oath till we come to Church, and then after the Prieſt, I hope; for I find it will be my Deſtiny to marry thee.

Flor. If ever I ſay a Word after the black Gentleman for thee *Celadon*———

Cel. Then I hope you'll give me leave to beſtow a faithful Heart elſewhere.

Flor. I but if you'll have one, you muſt beſpeak it; for I am ſure you have none ready made.

Rho. What ſay you, *Madam?* Shall he marry *Flavia?*

Flor. No, ſhe'll be too cunning for him.

Dor. What ſay you to *Olinda* then? She's Tall, and Fair, and Bonny.

Flor.

Flor. And Fooliſh, and Apiſh, and Fickle.

Pal. But *Sabina*'s Pretty, and Loving, and Young, and Innocent.

Flor. And Dwarfiſh, and Childiſh, and Fond, and Flippant; if he marries her Siſter, he will get Maypoles; and if he marries her, he will get Fairies to dance about them.

Cel. Nay, then the caſe is clear, *Florimel*; if you take 'em all from me, 'tis becauſe you reſerve me for your ſelf.

Flor. But this Marriage is ſuch a Bug-bear to me; much might be done if we could invent but any way to make it eaſie.

Cel. Some fooliſh People have made it uneaſie, by drawing the Knot faſter than they need: But we that are wiſer will looſen it a little.

Flor. 'Tis true indeed, there's ſome difference between a Girdle and an Halter.

Cel. As for the firſt Year, according to the laudable Cuſtom of new-marry'd People, we ſhall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and think we ſhall never have enough of one another——So far 'tis pleaſant enough, I hope.

Flor. But after that, when we begin to live like Huſband and Wife, and never come near one another—what then, Sir?

Cel. Why then our only Happineſs muſt be to have one Mind, and one Will, *Florimel.*

Flor. One Mind, if you pleaſe; but prithee let's have two Wills, for I find one will be little enough for me alone. But how if thoſe two Wills ſhould meet and claſh, *Celadon?*

Cel. I warrant thee, for that Huſbands and Wives keep their Wills far enough aſunder for ever meeting: One thing let's be ſure to agree on, that is, never to be Jealous.

Flo. No; but e'en love one another as long as we can, and confeſs the truth when we can love no longer.

Cel. When I have been at play, you ſhall never aſk me what Money I have loſt.

Flor. When I have been abroad, you ſhall never enquire who treated me.

Cel. Provided always, that whatever Liberties we take with other People, we continue very honeſt to one another.

Flor. As far as will conſiſt with a pleaſant Life.

Cel. Laſtly, whereas the Names of *Huſband* and *Wife* holds forth nothing, but Claſhing and Cloying, and Dulneſs and Faintneſs in their Signification; they ſhall be aboliſh'd for ever betwixt us.

Flor. And inſtead of thoſe, we'll be marry'd by the more agreeable Names of *Miſtreſs* and *Gallant.*

Cel. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee, *Florimel*, under the Penalty of a Month's Faſting Nights.

Flor. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee, *Celadon*, under the Penalty of Cuckoldom.

Cel. Well, if it be my fortune to be made a Cuckold, I had rather thou ſhou'd'ſt make me one, than any one in *Sicily*: And for my Comfort, I ſhall have thee oftner than any of thy Servants.

Flor. La ye now, is not ſuch a Marriage as good as Wenching, *Celadon?*

Cel. This is very good; but not ſo good, *Florimel.*

Omn. A Wedding! a Wedding!

Pal. So, ſo! Here's every Body's Buſineſs done but mine.

Rho. Here comes a ſmall Emiſſary, *Palamede*, and I fancy in order to finiſh it.———

Enter Philotis *haſtily.*

Pal. Ha! well my Dear, what News?

Phi. O, Sir, I am glad I have found you!

Pal. What's the matter?

Phi. My Lady has juſt now received a Letter from her Father, with an abſolute Command to diſpoſe her ſelf to marry you to morrow.

Pal. And ſhe takes it to Death, I preſume.

Phi. O dear, Sir, ſhe's under a greater Misfortune than the Apprehenſion of being marry'd to ſo fine a Gentleman.

Pal. O dear, Madam—but pray what is it?

Phi. Why, Sir, ſhe is in ſo unconſolable a Concern for her being out of Favour with the Princeſs, that ſhe proteſts, ſhe'll neither eat, drink, ſleep, nor marry, till ſhe has made her Peace with her.

Pal. That's hard.

Phi. Now, Sir, you muſt know, upon theſe extraordinary occaſions, ſhe always practiſes what ſhe is to do and ſay beforehand; and in order to it, ſhe is juſt coming into this part of

the

the Walks; where, by her own Direction, Sir, I am to Perſonate the Princeſs, and to receive her with all imaginable Coldneſs, while ſhe uſes all the Efforts of her French Airs and Phraſes to recommend her ſelf into my good Graces.

Pal. Very good, but what is my part all this while?

Phi. Why, Sir, if you'll deſire the good Company to retire a little—you ſhall bolt out upon her while ſhe is in the very Agony of her good Breeding, and worry her with her own Phraſes, till you force her to lend a reaſonable Ear to your Addreſſes.

Pal. Admirable! *Rhodophil.*

Rho. We underſtand you—we'll be all ready at the next Corner to give you a lift upon occaſion. [*Exeunt all but* Palamede *and* Philotis.

Phi. You muſt be ſure to take no Repulſes, and I warrant you do her buſineſs—Here are a Liſt of her Phraſes for the Day—Ply her home with 'em, right or wrong, upon any occaſion: Foil her at her own Weapon; for ſhe's like one of the old Amazons, ſhe'll never marry, except it be a Man who has firſt conquer'd her.

Pal. Say you ſo: Faith I'll lay her on to the beſt of my aſſurance then: But you won't forget, I hope, to give me a Prompt upon occaſion.

Phi. O dear Sir, if you doubt my Memory, put ſome Token upon my Finger to refreſh it—That Diamond wou'd do admirably.

Pal. There 'tis, and I aſk your Pardon heartily for calling your Memory in queſtion.

Phi. Here ſhe comes; to your Poſt. [*Pal. retires.*

Enter Melantha.

Mel. O! are you there, Madam?—Come, are you perfect in the Princeſs?

Phi. Yes, Madam, particularly in all the Reſerv'd Airs your Ladiſhip was pleas'd to ſhew me.

Mel. Very well—move a little that way—ſo—now you are the Princeſs, and alone; and now is my time to introduce my ſelf, and make my Court to you in my new French Phraſes. Stay, let me read my Catalogue——*Suite*, *Figure chagrin*, *naivete*, and *Let me die*, for the Parentheſis of all.

Pal. (*Aſide*) Do, perſecute the Princeſs in Imagination, and I'll perſecute thee as faſt in Effigy.

Mel.

Mel. Madam, the Princeſs! Let me die, but this is a moſt horrid Spectacle, to ſee a Perſon who makes ſo grand a Figure in the Court, without the *Suitte* of a Princeſs, and entertaining your *Chagrin*, all alone; (*Naivete* ſhould have been there, but the diſobedient word would not come in).

Phil. You take an unſeaſonable time, Madam, I deſign'd this Hour for Solitude.

Pal. (*To* Melantha) Let me die, Madam, if I have not waited you here theſe two long Hours, without ſo much as the *Suitte* of a ſingle Servant to attend me; entertaining my ſelf with my own *Chagrin*, till I had the Honour to ſee your Ladyſhip, who are a Perſon that makes ſo conſiderable a Figure in the Court.

Mel. Truce with you *Doceurs*, good Servant; you ſee I am addreſſing the Princeſs; pray do not embarraſs me——— Embarraſs me! what a delicious *French* word do you make me looſe upon you too! (*To* Philotis) your Highneſs, Madam, will pleaſe to pardon the *Coup D'ltourdy* which I made, in not ſooner finding you out to be a Princeſs. But let me die if this *Eclairciſſement*, which is made this Day of your Quality, does not raviſh me; and give me leave to tell you———

Pal. But firſt give me leave to tell you, Madam, that I have ſo great a Tender for your Perſon, and ſuch a *Paunchant* to do you Service, that———

Mel. What, muſt I ſtill be troubled with your *Sottiſes*? There's another word loſt, that I meant for the Princeſs, (with a Miſchief to you) But your Highneſs, Madam———

Pal. But your Ladyſhip, Madam———

Mel. I ſay, your Highneſs, Madam———

Phil. Away Impertinent.

Mel. Impertinent! Oh, I am the moſt unfortunate Perſon this Day breathing; that the Princeſs ſhould thus *Rompre en viſiere*, without occaſion; let me die, but I'll follow her to Death, till I make my Peace.

Pal. (*Holding her*) And let me die, but I'll follow you to the Infernals, till you pity me.

Mel. (*Turning towards him angrily*) Ay, 'tis long of you that this *Malheur* is fall'n upon me; your Impertinence has put me out of the good Graces of the Princeſs, and all that; which has ruin'd me, and all that; and therefore let me die but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

Pal.

Pal. Façon, Façon, you muſt, and ſhall love me, and all that; for my old Man is coming up, and all that; and I am *deſes peré au dernier*, and will not be diſinherited, and all that.

Mel. How durſt you interrupt me ſo *Mal a propos*, when you know I was practiſing my addreſſes to the Princeſs.

Pal. But why would you addreſs your ſelf ſo much a *Contretemps* then?

Mel. Ah, *Mal Peſte!*

Pal. and *Phi. Ah I' enrage!*

Mel. Ad 'autres, ad'autres: He mocks himſelf of me, he abuſes me: *Ah me unfortunate.* [*Cries.*

Phil. Indeed you miſtake him, Madam, he does but accommodate his Phraſe to your refin'd Language; purſue your Point, Sir——— [*To him.*

Pal. Ah, qu'il fait beau dans ces boccages: [*Singing.*
Ah, que le ciel donne un beaun jour!
There I was with you with a Minuet.

Mel. Let me die now, but this ſinging is fine, and extreamly *French* in him. [*Laughs.*] But then that he ſhou'd uſe my own words, As it were in Contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [*Cries.*

Pal. Ces beau & Sejours, ces doux ramages. [*Singing.*

Mel. Ces beaux & Sejours, ces doux ramages
Ces beaux Sejours nous Invitent a l'amour. [*Singing after him.*

Pal. Let me die now but that was fine. Ah, now for three or four briſk *French* Men, to be put into maſking Habits, and to ſing it on a Theatre; how witty it would be! And then to Dance helter Skelter, to a *Chanſon oboire: Toute la terre, toute la terre eſt a Moy.* What's matter, though it were made, and ſung two or three Years ago in *Caberets*; how it wou'd attract the Admiration, eſpecially of every one that's an *Eveillé!*

Mel. Well; I begin to have a *Tendre* for you; but yet, upon Condition, that—when we are marry'd, you—— [*Pal. ſings while ſhe ſpeaks.*

Phil. You muſt drown her Voice; if ſhe makes her *French* Conditions you are a Slave for ever.

Mel. Firſt, will you engage———that

Pal. Fa, la, la, la, &c. [*Lowder.*

Mel. Will you hear the Conditions?

Pal. No; I will hear no Conditions! I am reſolv'd to win you *en François*; to be very Airy with abundance of Noiſe, and no Senſe: *Fa, la, la, la,* &c.

Mel.

Mel. Hold, hold, I am vanquiſh'd with your *Gayetè d'eſperit.* I am yours, and will be yours, *ſan nulle reſerve*; and let me die if I do not think my ſelf the happieſt Nymph in *Sicily*—My dear *French* Dear, ſtay but a Minute till I *racomode* my ſelf with the Princeſs; and then I am yours, *Juſq' a la Mort.* [*Going off.*

Enter Celadon, Florimel, Rhodophil, Doralice, *and* Flavia, *ſinging.*

Omn. A *Palamede!* A *Palamede!*

Pal. (*Fanning himſelf*) Poo! I never thought before Wooing was ſo laborious an Exerciſe; I Gad, if ſhe were worth a Million I deſerve her.

Mel. Ah me, was ever Nymph under ſuch Confuſion. I ſhall have all the *Tendre* of my *Belle Paſſion* turn'd into ridicule——I hope, Servant, you did not lay this Ambuſcade to be Witneſſes of my *Foibleſs.*

Pal. Not I upon Honour, Madam, but 'tis impoſſible for us great Conquerors to fight without Witneſſes of our Glory.

Dor. Come, come, Madam, conſider the Pains he has taken to deſerve you, and don't rob him of the Glory of confeſſing it—We are all your Friends, give him your Hand.

Mel. Dear, my dear, don't give me this Confuſion—I can't do it——he muſt take it if he has it.

Pal. Thus I ſeize it then as my Right of Conqueſt. And now, Madam, I take you Priſoner for Life.

Mel. Oh barbarous, and Plunder me of all!

Pal. All in good time, Madam.

Cel. And now, *Palamede*, your Buſineſs is done.

Rho. And now, *Doralice*, ſince your Friend, and mine, are likely to be buſie for ſome few Months at leaſt, I think we had ev'n as good mind our own Buſineſs as ſtand Idle——From this Day forward I'll never dine but at Home.

Dor. Why truly, he that's always running to an Eating-Houſe, will find, at the Year's end, ne're the leſs Accompt in his Houſe-keeping. When the Meal's ready at Home, ſome Body muſt ſit down to it.

And high fed Palates to their Coſt diſcover,
That Huſbands leavings often Feaſt the Lover.

Exeunt Omnes.

The End of the Fifth Act.

FINIS.

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